CHRISTIAN REGISTER
AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1837. NO. 830.---VOL. XVI.—NO. 27.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

From the Unitarian Magazine and Chronicle.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH UNITARIAN HISTORY. No. 3.

The civil commotions which very soon followed the expiration of the reign of the pedantic James, may in some degree have drawn off the attention of Englishmen from the purity of religious faith. Yet did these struggles serve to throw a strong light upon the motives of that class of men, who had hitherto ruled the destinies of the nation with a high hand. In consequence of the free admission of religious discussions, we may easily perceive that religious truth would be not retarded, but promoted by the transactions to which we have alluded. The particulars of Unitarian history in this interval may not be numerous, and probably as yet but partially understood, yet are those which we know full of interest and importance. A 'latent scepticism' as to the Athanasian doctrine will probably be observed in the profoundest theologians of the Established Church.

It is not a little remarkable, that the first person who is known to have embraced the opinions of the *Polish Socinians*, who added to their belief in the divine unity that of the humanity of the Messiah, was a nobleman attached to the interest of *Charles the First*, and who accompanied him in his dangerous campaigns, the celebrated Lord Falkland. He is said to have had his mind convinced by the works of those distinguished and erudite expositors the *Fratres Poloni*, or Polish Brethren, to whom it may be just to offer the praise of skill, industry, and a clear elucidation of numerous Scripture difficulties. Their works, confined to the closets of a few unpopular ministers, and regarded as lumber in the public libraries, may, even in the present day of boasted cultivation, furnish to our best Scriptural scholars an invaluable stock of profound and judicious criticism. The highest name in Biblical interpretation is Grotius, and he drew largely from the Socinian stores.

The names of Falkland and Chillingworth were combined in a common saying at Oxford, that if the Grand Turk could be converted by natural means, these two were the persons to convert him. The reader may have remarked, that Harvey might have found in Servertus's book the discovery which has rendered his own name illustrious. Harvey was attached to the same political party with Falkland, and sitting at a distance from the battle of Edge-hill, yet near enough to be endangered by the balls, superintended, but too remissly, two future sovereigns of England.* Falkland and Harvey were, therefore, men certainly acquainted. That great man Chillingworth, who at one peeiod of his life was confessedly Unitarian, was also of that party. He died at Chichester, A. D. 1644, and was buried in the cloisters of that cathedral, where a monumental inscription to his memory may be still seen. His works, illustrative of the great principle of free inquiry, have exerted a wide and still prevailing influence over the professors of Christianity in England. Chillingworth, much attached to the royal party, was at the siege of Gloucester, August 10, 1643, went thence to Arundel Castle in Sussex, where he was taken prisoner, December 9, 1643, by the Parliament forces. He obtained leave to be conveyed to Chichester, where he was lodged in the Bishop's palace, and where, after a short illness, he died, and, it is supposed, on the 30th January, but the day is not precisely known. Cheynell the Puritan is thought by his remonstrances to have hastened his end.

Among the advocates, whom the Unitarian doctrine appears to have had in England, about the time of the Civil War, one was a person of the name of Paul Best, the nature of whose sufferings for conscientious belief will appear by the following extracts from the memorials of the Long Parliament.

'1646, January 28. The day of the monthly fast. In the evening, the House met and heard a Report from the Committee of *plundered Ministers* of the blasphemies of one *Paul Best*, who denied the Trinity of the Godhead, and the Deity of Christ, and the Holy Ghost. The House ordered him to be kept a close prisoner, and an ordinance to be brought in to punish him with death.'

'March 28. Debate of the blasphemies of Paul Best. Divines ordered to confer with him to convince him of his sin, and that a charge be prepared against him.'

'April 3. Paul Best was brought to the bar, heard his charge, and by his answer confessed the Trinity,† and that he hoped to be saved thereby; but denied the Three Persons as a Jesuitical tenet.'

Also, in the year 1648, John Frye, a member of the Long Parliament, chosen for the town of Shaftesbury, was suspended for writing a book against the Athanasian Trinity; but upon declaring that he abominated the opinions charged upon him, was re-admitted. This was evidently no recantation; for we find him afterwards (1650) deprived of office for the same kind of offence.

There flourished in the time of the Commonwealth, an illustrious person, connected with the party of the *Independents*, known to have been Unitarian, particularly by his posthumous work on Christian Doctrine, published so recently as the year 1825.

His name has been celebrated for the *Paradise Lost*, wherever the English literature has been cultivated. The manners of *Milton* were virtuous, his spirit pure, and the love of civil and religious liberty burned brightly within his breast. We are only beginning to estimate aright this ornament to our species; for there were sentiments held by him, and particularities in his religious demeanour, which could not till the present age have been rightly appreciated. That part of Milton's Treatise on Christian Doctrine, which contains the proof of his Unitarianism, and an induction of powerful Scriptural arguments in its support, was, a few years ago, reprinted (in a small 12mo. volume) by the Unitarian Association and very well deserves a more extensive circulation. Dr. Channing's eloquent dissertation upon Milton's work, soon after it was given to the world, should accompany it. Our Transatlantic brother agrees with Milton, it appears, as to the personal pre-existence of Christ, but not as to the personality of the Holy Spirit. This last tenet was that of Milton's contemporary Biddle, though the latter discarded as unscriptural that of our Savior's prior existence.

There is lying before me, while I write, an English translation in small 4to. of 'Two books of John Crellius Francus, touching one God the Father, printed in Kosmoburg, at the sign of the Sun-beams, in the year of our Lord, 1665.' The most obvious method of circulating the Unitarian doctrine among Englishmen, was, by thus giving currency to translations of the most judicious treatises which the continental scholars had produced on this subject. At whose instigation was this book published? The small number of Englishmen who were at this period interested in these inquiries, would render it a labor of pecuniary *loss*. It must have been undertaken, therefore, by some one able and willing to bear the loss. The example of translating the works of continental Unitarians would seem to have been set by John Biddle, who, in the year 1653, published several small pieces, which were translations of tracts written by some of the Polish Unitarians.

A short abstract of the peculiarly interesting biography of Biddle may be expected to form the subject of the next sketch.

* Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden, vol. ii. p. 309.

† This is a perfectly justifiable use of the term, which, however, we have no wish to revive.

WHITFIELD'S PREACHING IN BOSTON.

In the Memoirs of Aaron Burr, lately published, is an extract from a journal kept by his father, who was a clergyman, in the following words:—

'In November, 1739, I made a visit to my friends in New England, and again in March, 1740. In the following August I was in a declining state of health, and by the advice of my physicians visited Rhode Island. From thence I proceeded to Boston. On the 19th of September I heard Mr Whitfield preach in Dr Colman's church. I am more and more pleased with the man. On the 21st, I heard him preach in the Commons to about ten thousand people. On Monday I visited him, and had some conversation to my great satisfaction. On the 23d, I went to hear him preach in Mr Webb's church, but the house was crowded before Mr Whitfield came. The people, especially the women, were put into a fright under a mistaken notion that the galleries were falling, which caused them to hurry out in such a violent manner, that many were seriously injured, and five killed. The same day Mr Whitfield preached at Mr Gee's church. In the evening he preached at Dr Sewall's church. On Saturday I went to hear him in the Commons; there were several thousand hearers. He expounded the parable of the prodigal son in a very moving manner. Many melted into tears. On the 14th of October, being, on my return to New Jersey, I arrived at Fairfield, where I remained two days with my friends.'

[From the Vermont Chronicle.]

AN APOLOGUE,

Which will please many—and ought to offend not one.

In the near neighborhood of Damascus, capital of Saracen magnificence, dwelt a man of a truly benevolent heart, and of views too exalted and comprehensive to be swayed by the prejudices which possyss the multitude. He was a physician, known in all the region as the Good Hakim. Besides the skill which he had acquired by study and experience, report said he possessed a talisman, a precious stone, which, immersed in pure water and incantated, held at bay and even overcame all diseases. When other remedies failed, this was unfailing. The reputation he acquired for cures, and the benevolence of his character, for he administered relief without charge, drew multitudes after him. He had also a few attendants to whom he imparted his skill and his principles.

His reputation was not confined to Damascus, for he made excursions to the country around. The inhabitants of Mount Lebanon and the coast where once stood Tyre, proud mistress of the seas, knew him. Aleppo and Bagdad were not unacquainted with him.

In one of his excursions, accompanied by his pupils and the multitude as usual, there came from the fastnesses of Libanus, the retreat of the persecuted, a Christian woman. With trembling step she approached the benevolent man, and uttering her salutation, 'Peace!' she said, 'Good Hakim, my daughter is sorely sick; come and cure her.' He heard her voice and felt compassion, but knowing her proscribed character, and that the prejudices of his followers were such towards the whole race of Christian dogs that they would be shocked with horror should he even appear to listen to her application, he disregarded her entirely. She spoke again,—'Peace to thee, Friend of the miserable, my daughter is even at death's door—come and raise her up, for thou canst, and she is dearly beloved.' He still made as though he heard her not. Some of his followers rudely addressed her and told her it was not her's to ask a favor of one of the true faith, for that she was of an accursed race, predestined to suffer the inflictions of God's anger. Still she repeated her request and reiterated it, till her cries, so earnest and sent forth so piteously, wrought even on the hearts of the faithful. Their prejudices began to waver—they yielded—the cry of misery found a response from out the iron den of prejudice.

They came to the physician, their master, with doubt indeed but with earnestness, and said, 'This woman is greatly distressed, she is a Christian dog we know,—but grant her request,—may it not be? it is but a word over the talismanic stone, speak it and let her go—hear her, she cries again.'

The physician seeing them in the mood he most desired, staid his footsteps and said, 'God is great, call her before me; it is worthy to inquire into the cause. She came, her countenance bespeaking a trembling joy. 'O sir, most potent and kind, my daughter is sorely sick—she will die—she is my dear daughter—pity me, for thou hast pity, and expel the disease,—and the blessing of the perishing shall come upon thee.'

The physician, still carefully regarding the prejudices of his followers, for all were not equally moved to pity, and the multitude—many of them—had none, and also to test the heart of the woman further, and draw from thence a justification of what he would do, said,—'Woman, thou art but the child of an accursed race. My followers call you Christian dogs, and is not the appellation just? It is true I have the most powerful remedies against disease, and can cure thy daughter. But then these blessings of Allah, let his name be great, are for his faithful children. It is not right to take their food and give it to dogs.' 'Ah sir! it is true, what thou art pleased to say. I am called a dog, and I am willing so to be called; but even the dog that follows in thy tracks picks up that which falls from thy table, and thou grudgest him not that little. I ask no more. The store of remedy in thy hand is greater than can be exhausted on the wants of thy whole nation.'

At this moment, withdrawing his look from the importunate suppliant, he saw on the faces of his followers and the multitude but one expression of pity, benevolence, and complacent approbation of what they plainly hoped he was about to do. And he said, 'O woman, inasmuch as thou art lowly and acknowledgest in me a power that can come only from him that is great, Allah is great, I grant thy request—thy daughter is well.'

She returned, and it was even so. His followers rejoiced in the joy of the woman, and thenceforth believe that in other nations, even in those branded with the most odious stigma of national prejudice, there were 'the faithful' on whom heaven looked with kindness as fit subjects of its favors.

Reader, if we have conducted you through a grotesque path to the story of the Syro-Phœnician woman, it is to set forth the important idea which lies on the face of the narrative, that prejudices inwoven in the soul's texture and confirmed by time, are not to be rudely pulled out. The Savior, on the contrary, 'gently solicited and drew them forth.' He erected, so to speak, a galvanic circle; he brought an unsuspected power to act;—insulating the threads of prejudice, he, with divine wisdom, caused the combined influence of sorrow and sympathy to course through their veins, which quickly disarmed them. Why then should abolitionists be continually committing this mistake, and meet this mob of prejudice in front? Soft words turn away wrath, hard words blow it into a stronger flame. Æolus could not blow away the traveller's cloak if he had blown away all his breath; but Phœbus, shooting his soft influence, first unloosed, then caused the traveller willingly to throw away the incumbrance. 'Am I not a man and a brother?' say the abolitionists of the slave. True, but does it not also apply with equal force to the master? He is a man, and should be dealt with as a man, not as a devil or a brute. He is a brother, though recreant, and should be treated with some measure of human kindness. Can we suppose God, the Father of us all, looks down with less of love and of compassion on a wicked master than on his victim? If the one is the slave of an earthly master the other is no less so to an unearthly one, and God desires that both may be disenthralled, as well from spiritual as temporal bondage, and introduced into the one glorious liberty of the gospel.

'I wish I could join the Temperance Society,' said a little boy about six years old, who stood shivering in one corner of a miserable habitation rendered comfortless by ardent spirit. 'You are not old enough,' replied his mother, 'you can't understand it.' 'I guess I'm old enough to know better than to drink whiskey,' was his reply.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE FARM SCHOOL.

Mr Editor,—A few weeks since, I passed, by invitation, a Sabbath at the Farm School on Thompson's Island in Boston Harbor. I presume most of your readers are acquainted with the origin and nature of this institution, but there may be some among us who hardly know of its existence, and if so we will state that it owes its origin partly, to the *Asylum for Indigent Boys*, formerly located in the city. This institution flourished here for many years, and was one among the many proofs of the Philanthropic and benevolent spirit which has at all times animated and actuated the hearts of our citizens. Many a child of want—destitute of friends and home has been received into this house of refuge and trained for usefulness here and, we trust, happiness hereafter, who without its benefits would perhaps have been houseless, and thrown upon the world to drink deep of its sorrows and its sins. But the city had become too crowded to admit of this institution's remaining longer within its precincts. The land had risen in value, and in fact it was found expedient in point of economy, health, and many other circumstances, to remove it to a location altogether better adapted to the wants and necessities of the recipients of its bounty. Accordingly several benevolent gentlemen in the city, whose hearts have always been open to deeds of benevolence, formed a plan for the removal of the establishment to Thompson's Island, near the city. The arrangement was effected; a fund was raised, a charter granted, and about two years since it was removed to its present situation. This is a brief, but imperfect history of the *Farm School on Thompson's Island*. It has so many advantages over the former location, that no one can but rejoice at the benevolence which prompted some of our best citizens to project and carry on this truly Christian work. The number of pupils (about 100) in the present establishment is nearly double what it was in the former; and the ruddy cheek—the cheerful countenance, and the intellectual improvement, give convincing evidence of the vast importance of this institution to the community, and the most happy anticipations of good to the children of want and penury, in all coming time. It would be tedious to detail the various employments of the boys in this seminary. It is enough to say that they are educated according to the natural bent of their minds. If they have a taste for agricultural pursuits, here is an abundant field opened to them, for their improvement. If any of the mechanic arts are preferred, similar advantages are held out to them as in the former case. In fact the whole machinery of the school both in respect to their moral as well as intellectual culture, is carried on with such directness and precision, combined with such mental energy and mutual confidence between the teachers and pupils, that no one can witness its operations without having the most thrilling emotions, such as we think would prompt him to extend a helping hand, to uphold the institution, and to augment its resources.

I am informed the funds of the Farm School are low, and that the good they would do, they cannot, because their means are already exhausted. Let us all remember the saying, that 'drops create the ocean' that he that hath *a bountiful eye shall be blessed*. It will give us satisfaction upon our dying bed, if we can call up to our remembrance any acts of charity like this—to feel, that in the midst of our imperfections we have had some redeeming trait; for in that solemn hour, gold will become as dross, if we can reflect with pleasure on those words of our Savior, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'

I have a few more words to say about this institution, and my visit there on the above named Sabbath; but those are chiefly concerning my personal feelings. Although a Layman, I attended as the children's minister for the day. And a most happy day I spent with them. I had formerly been much with them, (particularly those who were attached to the old Asylum) and had participated in their joys and sympathized with them in their sorrows. I had been their friend, and they knew it. Many of them I know loved me as sincerely as I loved them. Knowing that they had but few resources opened to them, and that the world to them was almost a sealed book, I have frequently taken them by the hand, instructed, counselled and advised them, and the Sabbath hours have sped peacefully by, as I have been holding familiar conversations with them on the goodness of God, the evidences of his love and power in all things around and within us. But the time had arrived and we were to part, and we did part, with mutual regret; kind words were said, promises of remembrance were made, and I saw them no more to renew my friendship until the Sabbath spoken of.

Now if there were no other reasons than this, I would bless God that I was ever led to become a Sunday School Teacher—that he ever made me a humble instrument to lead the hearts of these once poor outcasts, but now happy little beings up to his throne of love, where all human greatness is but as dust. Go ye who doubt—ye who yet hold back—and see what those have done, who, if they had doubted, or held back, could never have accomplished. Go to such men as Deacon Grant, John D. Williams and others, and ask them what you can do for the institution? They will answer, come and see? And I am confident you will give of your substance and fulfill the words of Scripture—'Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation, against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life. For, we brought nothing into *this* world and it is certain we can carry nothing out.'

G.

What excuse shall we therefore make, at the last day, before Christ, that delight to read or hear men's fantasies and inventions, more than his most holy Gospel, and will find no time to do that which chiefly above all other things we should do; and will rather read other things, than that for the which we ought rather to leave off all other things.

DEATH OF A MOTHER.

When she died, I was away from home. I was immediately sent for. Upon my arrival, I found the house turned upside down, as if preparing for a great party. Beds were taken away and the rooms furnished with seats to accommodate a great multitude. I was shocked to see the family so busy, and so much engaged in the labor of preparation. It seemed to me to be disrespect to my mother. My father was about giving orders with his usual energy. At table, my old grandmother from the country presided, in place of my mother, and she ate like a comorant, and praised the dishes.

I had never been in the house of death before and thought we ought all of us to have been silent and sorrowful. I found out then and since, that when in the very midst of death and disease the mind accommodates itself to the case, and we look upon the event in a more reasonable light, being compelled to act and behave collectedly by necessity. Imagination in this, as in every thing else, exceeds the reality; and the death of an absent friend affects us more severely than the actual seeing of his departure.

My brother and myself occupied a chamber together, when we were at home, nearly over my mother's bed room. We were obliged to pass her door in getting to our room. We retired together, both of us timid at the thought of death so near to us.

After we got into bed, and he had fallen asleep, a sudden courage possessed me. I lay and reasoned with myself for a few moments, then took the light and went down to my mother's room, turned the sheet from her face and gazed upon her in the silence and solitude of death. I kissed her pale, cold lips again and again. It seemed to me she knew I was parting with her for the last time. I retired to my chamber with no sentiment of fear in my heart. I felt lifted above fear. From that time I never feared death. A full knowledge of what death is, was suddenly revealed to me with that act. The memory of the dignified feeling of that hour can never depart. All childish delusions were dispelled by the excess of my affection for her. That affection is as indelible as her memory.

I returned to school, and, as I have said, soon forgot my sorrows; though, when I was sick or low spirited, my mother's image would occur to me, when she soothed my pains, and pacified my childish complaints. The lamp which had guided my feet below, still often shone upon me like a star from above. When, too, the mothers of the other boys came out to see them, and I saw how happy they were, I then wished I had a mother too.

I should have mentioned before this, that my mother was a piously disposed woman. She had been educated, as who in New England is not? in respect for the Sabbath. No noise was allowed in the house on Sunday. We were made to sit still, and read the Bible on that day, even the abstruse writings of St. Paul. We understood nothing, except that it was a good act to do so, and pleased God; how, we did not know, nor did we think to inquire, for the impression was an early one, and was received as a matter of course.

Our very early impressions in morals and conduct are like the laws of nature, which are operating so constantly and invariably around us, that they seem matters of course. The theory of gravitation was not inquired into, until lately, though the world had lived in the observance of this law for centuries. What child, born of religious parents, cannot recollect his horror and self-accusation, after committing a sin for the first time, and the gradual wearing away of his scruples? And now, if he is a man, he will find himself doing, daily and hourly, things which once he would have shuddered to commit.

But in our religious reading, we felt that we were doing right, and that was pleasant. At night, after we were snugly in bed, our mother would come and seat herself upon the bed side, and one by one we said our little prayers. She would then kiss us and depart.

I received impressions at this season which have never been obliterated. Strange and beautiful thoughts of God, Heaven and my mother, come up to me now, and they have often in my weary life, with a spirit of devotion I cannot account for. Philosophers may account for it, if they can; for myself I believe truly, that it is the seeds of goodness those infant prayers and bedside instructions planted, and over which the dross of the world has been heaped up, struggling to come to light, and bear the fruit of true religion.

What a calm such hours have! How placid! how grateful to an aching heart! I feel like a child again, at my mother's side; I see her mild angelic face. I hear her sweet voice, and respond to her warm kiss.

I lay my head upon her bosom, that nourished me, and weep tears of joy. Call this foolish, unmanly, weak, if you will, but give me many such hours! They are the bright spots of my life. They are all that have kept me pure, morally pure, when, to the world I seemed like a blasted tree, without greenness or branches.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

HERDER'S PARABLES.

[Translated from the German.]

SECOND COLLECTION.

5. *The voice of Tears.*

Three days was Isaac dead in the heart of his father, for God had chosen him for an offering on the fourth. Silently Abraham went towards Moriah, sunk in the deepest grief, when the friendly voice of the child aroused him. 'See, my father, here is fire and wood, but where is the Lamb, for an offering?'

'My son,' said Abraham, 'God has himself looked out for an offering.' So they both went on in silence with one another.

And when they came to the place of offering, and had built the altar, and every thing was ready, the father seized his son, and laid him upon the altar; he took the knife in his right hand and looked up towards Heaven. The boy bore it with patience, was silent, and looked with weeping eyes up to Heaven.

The speechless tears on the eye of the father and of the child penetrated the clouds and reached the heart of God, with a great cry. 'Abraham!' the angel of the Lord called out from Heaven. 'Abraham! spare thy boy, and kill him not. It is enough!' Joyfully the father took the child now restored to him—the offering of God, and called the frightfully joyous place *Jehovah seeth*. He saw the silent tears in the eye of the suffering: he saw the grief of the heart, which anxiously calls out, as a loud cry.

Threefold is the prayer of man unto God, and one is stronger than the other.

A prayer with silent voice pleases him well: he hears it deep in the heart, and takes it favorably from the stammering lips.

The prayer of necessity penetrates the clouds with a loud cry, and heaps glowing coals upon the oppressor's head.

Yet, mighty above all is the tear of the forsaken, who holds fast to God and dies. It passes through gates, and bars, and penetrates to the heart of God, and brings down the glance of the Seeing.

6. *The grave of Rachel.*

When Jacob returned from the holy place where God had once revealed himself to him, and when, in his youth, he had seen heaven opened, his heart was full of joy, for Jehovah had confirmed with him anew, his covenant of friendship.

But soon a bitter pang came upon him. Rachel, the life of his youth, died of her second child, and when her soul was going from her, and she saw that she must die, she drew her last breath together, kissed the child, calling it *Benoni*, the son of pain, and died.

And when she appeared before the Eternal, she wept and said, 'Fulfill to me, oh Father, my first request before thy throne. Let me sometimes behold my posterity, from whom thou hast separated me, that I may stand by them in their distresses, and may wipe their tears.'

'Three times shall thy desire be granted thee, that thou mayest behold thy children upon the Earth: but thou canst not lessen their tears.'

At the first time, she descended, she found old Jacob mourning for his two sons, the bloody garment of Joseph lay beside him, 'My gray hairs, exclaimed he, will go down to the grave, I will go down unto the dead with sorrow, for Benoni also will be stolen from me.'

She returned back to Heaven, sighing, until afterwards, her husband and their children themselves came to her, and joyfully told her how beautifully all their sorrow had been changed into joy.

She dried her tears, and long after this, she descended again, to the place of her burial. There she saw her children driven into exile as men drive beasts. She found all was laid waste, even her grave had not been spared. A long time she remained at the desolate grave, and long there was heard from it an invisible lamentation.

The third time she descended, the innocent blood of her children was flowing around Bethlehem. Their mother was weeping, and Rachel wept aloud upon her grave, 'they are no more, they are no more!' Long time around the grave was heard the weeping cry, 'They are no more!'

When she returned, the all-merciful said to her. 'Rest now my daughter, and grieve thy heart no more, with the sorrows of thy children. The path of the mortal soon leads into the valley where lamentation itself is changed into a song of praise. Confide thy children to me, they are like my children: thine heart is not made to bear the destiny of the earth-born and to lessen their sorrows.'

Henceforward the spirit of the beautiful Rachel remained tranquil in Paradise, yet she asked the new comers about their destiny completed on the earth, though she never returned to her grave again, and now, for a long time, the lament of that maternal heart has ceased to be heard. The grave itself is silent, and Rachel enjoys eternal tranquillity with her children.

7. *Joseph and Lulika.*

When Potiphar's wife, the most beautful Lulika, had fascinated Joseph and had charmed all his senses, Lo, there stood before the eyes, of the spirit of the youth, the venerable form of his father.

'The names of thy brethren,' said Jacob, 'will shine on the twelve stones of the breast plate, and, in the dwelling of the most holy will come up for a remembrance before Jehovah. Thou also shalt be written amongst them. Would'st thou, that thy name be tarnished, and that thou should'st be called the bond slave of an adulteress?'

Then Joseph came to himself and was free. His heart remained firm in its strength: his hands and his arms grew strong. The golden dreams of his childhood came before his eyes.

And, instead of *one*, on the sparkling stone in the presence of Jehovah, there came two names of his family. His dying father praised him and said, '*Joseph* is a blossoming bough, the son of a blossoming one, which hangs over the wall; his young sprigs sprout forth, they extend over the wall'—a praise of his youthful devotion and chastity.

[From the Sabbath School Visiter.]

THE MURDERED ROBIN.

One day I took my gun, and went into the woods, intending to shoot some pigeons; but after hunting all round and getting tired, without finding any pigeons, I determined on returning home. But as it is wrong to have a gun in the house, loaded, by which many a careless boy has shot his own brother or sister, dead, I determined to fire off the charge at the first bird I should happen to see. Well, the first bird I chanced to see, was a poor robin, setting on the top of a very high tree, singing sweetly. I rested my gun on a little tree hard by, and took good aim, and fired; and down came the bird. I ran and caught it up, and as it lay in my hand, quivering in death, with its poor little eyes, all blood-shotten, it looked right up in my face, and seemed to say to me, 'What did you murder me for?' 'What did I murder you for?' said I, somewhat confused: 'Why, for sport.' 'For sport!' said Conscience. 'What right had you to kill God's creatures for sport?' I was dumb and could not reply a word. It seemed as though I would have given my best cow to restore the poor little robin to life; but it was too late. After quivering its wings, and giving one or two gasps, it expired, with its eye directly fixed on mine. I then resolved that I would never kill another bird for sport, and have never shot a bird of any kind since. If I could have sent the gun to its right owner in England, I would have done it. But I could not do that, for I did not know who he was, and there was no probability of my finding out if I had tried. So I did the next best thing I could,—I sold the gun and sent the money to the London peace society, that is laboring to prevent war, and the plundering of the English captains, on the high seas, by their brethren, the American captains.

As I was always fond of angling, about the same time that I bought the gun, I bought a fine English fishing rod, with five joints, and bought beautiful lines, both of silk and whale's sinews, and hooks and bobs a plenty. But, after the affair of the murdered robin, whenever I came to run my hook into the head of a poor grasshopper, and impale him alive for bait to an unsuspecting little trout; or when I saw

the poor little fishes floundering in the dry sand which formed the margin of the brook, quivering in death, and writhing in agony, I thought on the poor murdered robin, and I took no more pleasure in angling for sport, and gave it up.

I do not think it wrong to kill birds and fishes *for food*, or I would not have sold the gun, but rather have destroyed it. But to kill God's creatures *for sport*, and to take the life we cannot give, for *pleasure*,—to make *game* of the suffering of God's creatures, hardens the heart, and makes it insensible to the sufferings of our fellow creatures of the human species, and prepares the mind for rapine, murder, and war.

In reading God's word, he not always most profiteth that is most ready in turning off the book or of saying it out of the book; but he that is most turned into it; that is most inspired with the Holy Ghost; most in his life and heart altered and changed into that which he readeth: he that is daily less and less proud, less wrathful, less covetous, and less desirous of worldly and vain pleasures: he that daily forsaking his old vicious life, increaseth in virtue more and more.

PAYMENT OF DEBTS.

The honor of religion, is concerned in the payment of debts. A promise, in business matters, whether it is made in express terms, or implied in the very nature of the case, is sacred, and imposes a moral obligation. To trifle with such a promise, or to neglect attention to it, merely because it relates to secular affairs, is to set aside all moral rule, and to make religion of no practical use in the world. And yet it would seem, that the want of punctuality and the violation of engagements, are too often viewed as a mere matter of business—a kind of professional thing. This spirit, at least if we may judge from the fruits, extensively pervades the community, and is poisoning the fountain of moral feeling, and producing torpor in the public conscience. It is to be feared, that many good men are in some measure under its influence. They may not be aware of the fact; but, from some cause, they do not cherish a nice sense of obligation, in their engagements which relate to debts, and especially small debts. They do not intend to be dishonest, but they are negligent; and this defect in Christian character, inflicts nameless ills of which they are not fully aware. Those which fall upon the creditor, have been already recited. But the honor of Christ should be esteemed dearer than the interests or feelings of our fellow men. The gospel is designed of God to make the world better; to bring the heart under a new influence; to establish upon the very throne an efficient principle of moral action; and thus to subject the conduct to the rules of holy living. Where this effect is not produced, the gospel has not done its peculiar and appointed work. Christian principle will lead to Christian acts. The tree will produce its own fruit. We have a beautiful comment on this sentiment, in the context. 'Render, therefore, to all their dues.' 'Owe no man anything.' 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law.' To be a thorough Christian is to have an honest heart, and to act it out; and when profession is not followed up by practice, the gospel is dishonored, and Christ is 'wounded in the house of his friends.'

The eagle eye of the world is upon Christians. They are more closely watched in their ordinary affairs than in their religious duties. They are estimated by their conduct. Much is expected of them, and they should honor their religion. Punctuality is a Christian virtue; and if professors of religion are deficient in this; if they break their promises and neglect to pay their debts, they bring dark reproach upon that worthy name by which they are called. They give occasion to others to say, that religion is a mere delusion, or that these men are faithless to their own solemn vows. Let the Christian's maxim be, 'Owe no man anything, but to love one another.'

We hence learn the remedy for remissness in paying debts. Punctuality in business matters, must be placed upon its true basis; the basis of moral obligation. It is not enough to trace its influence upon a man's own credit and peace of mind; upon the pecuniary interests of the creditor, and upon the commercial affairs of society; but the payment of debts must be placed just where the Apostle Paul has placed it, in the text. It is here made a part of the moral law. It belongs to the code of relative duties, and it is enforced by the authority of God himself. It is elevated to an equality with any other Christian duty. As prayer is a specific branch of duty included in the great command of the law, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' so 'owe no man ANY thing,' or punctuality in paying debts, is another branch of duty included in the equally great command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Here God himself has placed the duty; and from his decision there is no appeal.

If men would view the matter in this light, money transactions would be attended with much greater regularity. Many small debts would be recollected and paid before the going down of the sun, and especially before the time of evening prayer. God himself has said, 'I hate robbery for burnt offering'—and 'to obey is better than sacrifice.' He will never accept of acts of piety to himself in the place of integrity and justice to our fellow men.—*Dr. Beman.*

The following illustration of the gradual expansion of the Christian's soul in love is extracted from the last address made to the members of his Sunday class by the late Rev. Edwin Stevens before he left America to prosecute his mission to China.

'I remember,' said the teacher, 'when I was but a child and my acquaintance reached but a mile around my father's house, then all my feelings of home were limited to the little fireside circle around my father's hearth. All others seemed distant and nearly out of the reach of my affections. But when I became a youth and left my father's house to reside in a distant town, then every one of my former townsmen whom I now met, seemed to me like a friend, and I looked on him somewhat as I used to do before upon one of my own family circle. When afterwards I went to a distant state, then every inhabitant of my native state seemed to me like an acquaintance, and we formed a fellowship at once, much like the fraternal union of early days. So now when called to live in a distant nation, if I may be happy enough to see an American, I shall greet him with the same tender interest and brotherly affection as of old rested on the little domestic circle. I ask not from what state he came, but welcome him as a brother, whether from the northern or southern, the eastern or western states. I will go still further. Were we swift spirits like the angels, as we may hope to be, and could we look on the many other great and glorious worlds which our Father has made, as we saw one and another spirit released from trial and sin, coming up to the mansions of the blessed, we should not ask from what nation or continent he came, but should haste to unite with him in falling before the Lamb in heaven, and saying, 'Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation.' Thus with our expanding views of the world, our hearts also will enlarge, so as to include every man for whom Jesus died, and our prayers will rest on the whole race, with the same earnestness as they used to do upon our own fire-side.'

ROCK OF CALVARY.—In Fleming's Christology, it is stated that a Deist visiting the sacred places of Palestine, was shown the clefts of Mount Calvary. Examining them narrowly and critically, he turned in amazement to his fellow travellers, and said, 'I have long been a student of nature, and I am sure these clefts and rents in this rock were never made by nature ordinary or earthquake; for by such concussion the rocks must have split according to the veins, and where it was weakest in the adhesion of parts; for this,' said he, 'I have observed to have been done in other rocks when arated or broken after an earthquake; and reason tells me it must always be so. But it is quite other wise here; for the rock is split athwart and cross the veins in a most strange and preternatural manner: and therefore I thank God that I came hither to see the standing monument of a miraculous power by which God gives evidence to this day of the divinity of Christ.'

MISS MARTINEAU'S OPINION OF THE AMERICAN CLERGY.

The American clergy are the most backward and timid class in the society in which they live; self-exiled from the great moral questions of the time; the least informed with true knowledge; the least efficient in virtuous action; the least conscious of that christian and republican freedom which, as the native atmosphere of piety and holiness, it is their prime duty to cherish and diffuse. The proximate causes of their degeneracy in this respect are easily recognised.

It is not merely that the living of the clergy depends on the opinion of those whom they serve. To all but the far and clear-sighted it appears that the usefulness of their function does so. Ordinary men may be excused for a willingness to seize on the precept about following after the things that make for peace, without too close an inquiry into the nature of that peace. Such a tendency may be excused, but not praised, in ordinary men. It must be blamed in all pastors who believe that they have grasped purer than ordinary principles of gospel freedom.

The first great mischief which arises from the disinclination of the clergy to bring what may be disturbing questions before their people, is that they themselves inevitably undergo a perversion of views about the nature of their pastoral office. To take the most striking instance now presented in the United States. The clergy have not yet begun to stir upon the Anti-Slavery question. A very few Presbyterian clergymen have nobly risked every thing for it, some being members of Abolition societies; and some professors in the Oberlin Institute and its branches, where all prejudice of color is discountenanced. But the bulk of the Presbyterian clergy are as fierce as the slave-holders against the abolitionists. I believe they would not object to have Mr Breckinridge considered a sample of their body. The episcopalian clergy are generally silent on the subject of Human Rights, or give their influence against the Abolitionists. Not to go over the whole list of denominations, it is sufficient to mention that the ministers generally are understood to be opposed to abolition, from the circumstances of their silence in the pulpit, their conversation in society, and the conduct of those who are most under their influence. I pass on to the Unitarians, the religious body with which I am best acquainted, from my being a Unitarian myself. The Unitarians believe that they are not liable to many superstitions which cramp the minds and actions of other religionists. They profess a religion of greater freedom; and declare that Christianity, as they see it, has an affinity with all that is free, genial, intrepid, and true in the human mind; and that it is meant to be carried out into every social arrangement, every speculation of thought, every act of the life. Clergymen who preach this, live in a crisis when a tremendous conflict of principles is taking place. On one side is the oppressor, struggling to keep his power for the sake of his gold; and with him the mercenary, the faithlessly timid, the ambitious, and the weak. On the other side are the friends of the slave; and with them those who, without possibility of recompense, are sacrificing their reputations, their fortunes, their quiet, and risking their lives, for the principle of freedom. What are the Unitarian clergy doing amidst this war which admits of neither peace nor truce, but which must end in the subjugation of the principle of freedom, or of oppression?

I believe Mr May had the honour of being the first Unitarian pastor who sided with the right. Whether he has sacrificed to his intrepidity one christian grace; whether he has lost one charm of his piety, gentleness, and charity, amidst the trials of insult which he has had to undergo, I dare appeal to his worst enemy. Instead of this his devotion to a most difficult duty has called forth in him a force of character, a strength of reason, of which his best friends were before unaware. It filled me with shame for the weakness of men, in their noblest offices, to hear the insolent compassion with which some of his priestly brethren spoke of a man whom they have not light and courage enough to follow through the thickets and desert of duty, and upon whom they therefore bestow their scornful pity from out of their shady bowers of complacency.—Dr Follen came next: and there is nothing in his power that he has not done and sacrificed in identifying himself with the cause of emancipation. I heard him, in a perilous time, pray in church for the 'miserable, degraded, insulted slave; in chains of iron, in chains of gold.' This is not the place in which to exhibit what his sacrifices have really been.—Dr Channing's later services are well known I know of two more of the Unitarian clergy who have made an open and dangerous avowal of the right; and of one or two who have in private resisted wrong in the cause. But this is all. As a body they must, though disapproving slavery, be ranked as the enemies of the abolitionists. Some have pleaded to me that it is a distasteful subject. Some think it sufficient that they can see faults in individual abolitionists. Some say that their pulpits are the property of their people, who are not therefore to have their minds disturbed by what they hear thence. Some say that the question is no business of theirs. Some urge that they should be turned out of their pulpits before the next Sunday, if they touched upon Human Rights. Some think the subject not spiritual enough. The greater number excuse themselves on the ground of a doctrine which, I cannot but think, has grown out of the circumstances; that the duty of the clergy is to decide on how much truth the people can bear, and to administer it accordingly.—So while society is going through the greatest of moral revolutions, casting out its most vicious anomaly, and bringing its Christianity into its politics and its social conduct, the clergy, even the Unitarian clergy, are some pitying and some ridiculing the apostles of the revolution; preaching spiritualism, learning, speculation; advocating third and fourth-rate objects of human exertion and amelioration, and leaving it to the laity to carry out the first and pressing moral reform of the age. They are blind to their noble mission of enlightening and guiding the moral sentiment of society in its greatest crisis. They not only decline aiding the cause in week-days by deed or pen, or spoken words; but they agree in private to avoid the subject of Human Rights in the pulpit till the crisis be past. No one asks them to harrow the feelings of their hearers by sermons on slavery: but they avoid offering those christian principles of faith and liberty with which slavery cannot co-exist.

Seeing what I have seen, I can come to no other conclusion, than that the most guilty class of the community, in regard to the slavery question at present is, not the slave-holding, nor even the mercantile, but the clerical: the most guilty, because not only are they not blinded by life-long custom and prejudice, nor by pecuniary interest; but they profess to spend their lives in the study of moral relations, and have pledged themselves to declare the whole counsel of God. Whenever the day comes for the right principle to be established, let them not dare to glory in the glory of their country. Now, in its martyr-age, they shrink from being confessors. It will not be for them to march in to the triumph with the 'glorious army.' Yet, if the clergy of America follow the example of other rear-guards of society, they will be the first to glory in the reformation which they have done their utmost to retard.

The fearful and disgraceful mistake about the true nature of the clerical office,—the supposition that it consists in adapting the truth to the minds of the hearers,—is already producing its effect in thinning the churches, and impelling the people to find an administration of religion better suited to their need. The want of faith in other men and in principles, and the superabundant faith in themselves, shown in this notion of pastoral duty, (which has been actually preached, as well as pleaded in private,) are so conspicuous, as to need no further exposure. The history of priesthoods may be referred to as an exhibition of its consequences. I was struck at first with an advocacy of Ordinances among some of the Unitarian clergy, which I was confident must go beyond their own belief. I was told that a great point was made of them, (not as observances but as ordinances,) because the public mind required them. I saw a minister using vehement and unaccustomed action, (of course wholly inappropriate,) in a pulpit not his own; and was told that that set of people required plenty of action to be assured the preacher was in earnest. I was told that when prejudices and interests have gathered round any point of morals, truth ceases to be truth, and it becomes a minister's duty to avoid the topic altogether. The consequences may be anticipated. 'What do you think, sir, the people will do, as they discover the backwardness of their clergy?' I heard a minister of one sect say to the minister of another. 'I think, sir, they will soon require a better clergy,' was the reply. The people are requiring a better clergy.

ANOTHER PRIZE ESSAY.—Mr Harris the author of 'Mammon,' has received the prize of 50*l.* for an essay on the moral condition and claims of sailors. The committee of award were Rev. W. H. Murch, Stepney, and John Clayton Jr., Hackney, London. The work has not yet reached this market.

The following remarks upon the consequences in relation to property, which will result from the late Schism of the Presbyterian Church, we copy from the N. Y. Observer.

There are about 3,000 Presbyterian churches in the United States. Suppose the number to be 3,000, and that each of them owns a house of worship worth $1000, and the whole will be worth three millions of dollars. Many of the churches have no houses of worship; but many have those that are very valuable, besides permanent funds for the support of a pastor, and other property to a considerable amount. To say that all these churches own property to the amount of three millions, is surely a moderate estimate.

Much of this property—some, whom we suppose to be well-informed, say, far the greater part of it—is held by titles which connect it with the General Assembly. The deeds by which it is held are so drawn, that none can hold the property, who are not in ecclesiastical connexion with the General Assembly. If, in a church of 500 members, 495 become heretical or immoral, and are excommunicated, the remaining five can hold the property; can control the house, and apply the funds, if there are any, to the support of a minister of their own choice.

We are not informed whether this fact had any bearing on the proceedings of either party in the late General Assembly; but it is certain that the proposed amicable division, if executed, would have had a very important bearing on this property.

The committee on division, appointed from the majority, proposed that the minority should secede and form a new church; leaving the majority to be the same General Assembly as heretofore. The result of such a division would have been, that all the property held by such titles as we have mentioned, in every part of the United States, would have been held by those who call themselves the Old School party. Ever so small a minority in a church in any country village, might hold the property, and use it according to their own pleasure. It is evident that the minority in the late Assembly could not, with any propriety, attempt to bind their constituents to such results.

The proposal of the minority was, that, with the assent of the presbyteries, the present Presbyterian church should cease to exist, and that two new churches should be formed out of its materials. How this plan would affect such property, we cannot tell; but probably, much of it would revert to the donors, or their heirs; there being no longer any such churches as the title deeds describe.

If the acts of the General Assembly, cutting off four synods, are sustained, then the 'Old School' minorities in churches belonging to these synods will be able to take possession of all property there, held by such titles. If, however, the members from the Western Reserve shall follow up the notice that they have given, and shall be successful; then they and their friends will stand in law as the General Assembly, and the 'Old School' occupants of such property, throughout the Union, must submit, or be outsted, if any body shall choose to oust them.

The division of the Presbyterian church, therefore, whether voluntary or involuntary, is not so light a matter as some people seem to think. And considering the immense number of law suits, in every part of the country, which must grow out of it, and the inevitable influence of those suits on the temper and conduct of the religious litigants, the process is not likely to be very 'amicable,' or very edifying, or very honorable to religion.

SUNDAY AT HOME.

Extracted from the Review of Hawthorne's Twice-told Tales, which is contained in the North American for July.

'Every Sabbath morning, in the summer time, I thrust back the curtain, to watch the sunrise stealing down a steeple, which stands opposite my chamber window. First, the weathercock begins to flash; then, a fainter lustre gives the spire an airy aspect; next it encroaches on the tower, and causes the index of the dial to glisten like gold, as it points to the gilded figure of the hour. Now, the loftiest window gleams, and now the lower. The carved frame-work of the portal is marked strongly out. At length, the morning glory, in its descent from heaven, comes down the stone steps, one by one; and there stands the steeple, glowing with fresh radiance, while the shades of twilight still hide themselves among the nooks of the adjacent buildings. Methinks, though the same sun brightens it, every fair morning, yet the steeple has a peculiar robe of brightness for the Sabbath.'

'But on the Sabbath, I watch the earliest sunshine, and fancy that a holier brightness marks the day, when there shall be no buzz of voices on the Exchange, nor traffic in the shops, nor crowd, nor business, anywhere but at church. Many have fancied so. For my own part, whether I see it scattered down among tangled woods, or beaming broad across the fields, or hemmed in between brick buildings, or tracing out the figure of the casement on my chamber floor, still I recognise the Sabbath sunshine. And ever let me recognise it. Some illusions, and this among them, are the shadows of great truths. Doubts may flit around me, or seem to close their evil wings, and settle down; but so long as I imagine that the earth is hallowed, and the light of heaven retains its sanctity on the Sabbath,—while that blessed sunshine lives within me,—never can my soul have lost the instinct of its faith. If it have gone astray, it will return again.

'I love to spend such pleasant Sabbaths, from morning till night, behind the curtain of my open window. Are they spent amiss? Every spot, so near the church as to be visited by the circling shadow of the steeple, should be deemed consecrated ground to-day. . . . . It must suffice, that though my form be absent, my inner man goes constantly to church, while many, whose bodily presence fills the accustomed seats, have left their souls at home. But I am there, even before my friend, the sexton. At length he comes,—a man of kindly, but sombre aspect, in dark gray clothes, and hair of the same mixture,—he comes, and applies his key to the wide portal.—Now, my thoughts may go in among the dusty pews, or ascend the pulpit without sacrilege, but soon come forth again, to enjoy the music of the bell. How glad, yet solemn too! All the steeples in town are talking together, aloft in the sunny air, and rejoicing among themselves, while their spires point heavenward.'

'About a quarter of an hour before the second ringing of the bell, individuals of the congregation begin to appear. The earliest is invariably an old woman in black, whose bent frame and rounded shoulders are evidently laden with some heavy affliction, which she is eager to rest upon the altar. Would that the Sabbath came twice as often, for the sake of that sorrowful old soul!'

'Here comes the clergyman, slow and solemn, in severe simplicity, needing no black silk gown to denote his office. His aspect claims my reverence, but cannot win my love. Were I to picture Saint Peter, keeping fast the gate of Heaven, and frowning, more stern than pitiful, on the wretched applicants, that face should be my study. By middle age, or sooner, the creed has generally wrought upon the heart, or been attempered by it. As the minister passes into the church, the bell holds its iron tongue, and all the low murmur of the congregation dies away. The gray sexton looks up and down the street, and then at my window curtain, where, through the small peep-hole, I half fancy that he has caught my eye. Now, every loiterer has gone in, and the street lies asleep in the quiet sun, while a feeling of loneliness comes over me, and brings also an uneasy sense of neglected privileges and duties. Oh, I ought to have gone to church! The bustle of the rising congregation reaches my ears. They are standing up to pray. Could I bring my heart into unison with those who are praying in yonder church, and lift it heavenward, with a fervor of supplication, but no distinct request, would not that be the safest kind of prayer? 'Lord, look down upon me in mercy!' With that sentiment gushing from my soul, might I not leave all the rest to Him?

'Hark! the hymn. This, at least, is a portion of the service which I can enjoy better than if I sat within the walls, where the full choir, and the massive melody of the organ, would fall with a weight upon me. At this distance, it thrills through my frame, and plays upon my heart-strings, with a pleasure both of the sense and spirit. Heaven be praised, I know nothing of music, as a science; and the most elaborate harmonies, if they please me, please as simply as a nurse's lullaby. The strain has ceased, but prolongs itself in my mind, with fanciful echoes, till I start from my reverie, and find that the sermon has commenced. It is my misfortune seldom to fructify, in a regular way, by any but printed sermons. The first strong idea, which the preacher utters, gives birth to a train of thought, and leads me onward, step by step, quite out of hearing of the good man's voice, unless he be indeed a son of thunder. At my open window, catching now and then a sentence of the 'parson's saw,' I am as well situated as at the foot of the pulpit stairs. The broken and scattered fragments of this one discourse will be the texts of many sermons, preached by those colleague pastors,—colleagues, but often disputants,—my Mind and Heart. The former pretends to be a scholar, and perplexes me with doctrinal points; the latter takes me on the score of feeling; and both, like several other preachers, spend their strength to very little purpose. I, their sole auditor, cannot always understand them.'

THE BEAUTY OF PRAYER.—Oh, the easy and happy recourse, that the poor soul hath to the high throne of heaven! We stay not for the holding out of a golden sceptre to crave our admission, before which our presence would be presumption and death. No hour is unseasonable, no person too base, no words too homely, no fact too hard, no importunity too great. We speak familiarly; we are heard, answered, comforted. Another while, God interchangeably speaks unto us, by the secret voice of his spirit, or by the audible sound of his word; we hear, adore, answer him: by both which the mind so communicates itself to God, and hath God so plentifully communicated unto it, that hereby it grows to such a habit of heavenliness, as that now it wants nothing, but dissolution, of full glory.—*Joseph Hall.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

NOTES OF AN INVALID.—NO 3.

It was the eve of a pleasant day, and while the majestic ship was gracefully winding her way across the harbor of New-York, the amiable lady who, obeying the promptings of a true woman's heart, had taken the invalid under her especial protection, and already evinced unusual tenderness towards him, ordered a mattress and pillows upon the quarter-deck for his comfort. There, wrapped in his cloak and half raised, the youth reclined, with his two friends seated near, and gazed upon the shifting scenery of the shore.

The Narrows off the banks of Sandy Hook were soon cleared—the pilot had taken his leave—the intervening convexity of waters had screened all but the most prominent objects—and the shadow-following horizon was fast veiling even these in obscurity. As the watery space widened, which separated the buoyant habitation, that bore them from the shore, the spirit of the youth, as if reluctant to follow the frail and wandering body, flew on the wings of thought, back to loiter a little longer with the circle which nature had most closely endeared to him,—in fancy to behold their smile of love, to listen to the sweet music of their familiar voices, once more to catch the parting blessing and to sigh the parting adieu. And so fraught with incident was this imaginary journey that it seemed to occupy a long time—but probably very few moments on the dials of art had elapsed, before the quickened nerves—the sentinels of the body—answered to the spirit's return.

How strange, how blessed this power of thought—by which it can so abstract itself from the senses, and, defying time and space, fly to the uttermost parts of the universe! And, though but in fancy, yet how pure are the pleasures and how rich and abundant the consolations of such spiritual reveries—especially when the body is too feeble for physical exertion! And are not these additional signs, that the soul *may* exist without its physical appendages?

When the silence of reflection was broken—the conversation which ensued showed that the invalid had not been alone in the indulgence of his roving thoughts. Mrs A. the kind lady by his side, had also in spirit been rapt away by the swift and home rushing steeds of an absent mother's affection to leave one more parting blessing with her two sons whom she had left at Yale College. Hers was one of those gifted and commanding minds, which enthroned in a stately form, irresistably commanded respect. But she was a woman—a mother—and she felt as such; and surely one needs but little experience to learn that woman, though the weaker, is the chosen vessel of kindness and the moral affections. Mrs A. thought she saw in the invalid a resemblance to one of her sons: and when she reflected that they too were among strangers, and away from home, she could not but feel *almost* a maternal solicitude superadded to her other sympathies for her adopted charge. She insisted upon it as a privilege to be the foster mother of the youth, and she proved herself such in deed, as well as in word, and the Invalid welcomed her to the grateful offices of the new connexion as if she had been a ministering angel sent down from Heaven to his side.

There were but five or six passengers in all, and as the common reserve gave place to the friendly familiarity of fellow voyagers, they soon seemed more like a family than a chance company of travellers.

The second day of the voyage all the passengers, excepting the Invalid and his foster mother were sea sick. They only rested at ease upon the deck, gazing upon and contemplating and talking of old Ocean's beauty, majesty and might, as, far around bounded to the eye only by the sapphire dome of heaven,

'Rolled the deep waters of the dark blue sea.'

And where, thou vast ocean, type of immensity, of omnipotence and eternity, where as on thy restless and heaving waves can one so realize the presence of God? Thou art indeed the outer bosom of the Father, and in thy vast embrace the soul dilates with vaster thoughts, and becomes inspired with the sublimest conceptions of Jehovah.

What treasures and wonders lie hidden far down beneath thy barren and briny surface. There are coral caves and grottos where for aught man knows, perchance fair mermaids indeed may dwell: and pyramids of crystal salt are there, and glittering gems and precious stones and pearls and graceful plants of unimagined beauty, and fishes mailed in coats of richest dyes, and shells of thousand shapes and hues, that the cabinets of the conchologists shall never contain. And there too alas! are the wrecks of human losses, and there 'monsters small and great.' All these thou hidest and sustainest. And thou also art the fountain of the pure vapors, which, being borne by the clouds, the water bearers of heaven—are dispensed in genial showers upon the earth, and return to thee again. And in all thy workings, the poet, the moralist and philosopher behold the attributes of God mirrored, and his laws betokened, while they draw from thee the noblest tropes for the ornament of their immortal works, and the instruction and delight of men. Great emblem of sublimity and power! And can it be that once thou didst lash the sides of Chimborazo, and sweep the steppes of the Himmalahs, and dance over the summits of the Alps and the Rocky range? Yes, it must be so, for thou hast left thy record on their hoary tops. But never again shalt thou desolate the provinces of man. He who made thee and all things, hath fixed thy limits and hath said: 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' Thou hast heard the fiat and wilt obey.—Oh! that the wilder rage of man would always hear its God and know its bound.

Vast channel of the world—kissing every shore from the sunny tropics to the ice-clad poles! Band of humanity, that encirclest all nations, and to each extendest the cordial grasp of Commerce, Religion, and brotherly love, roll on as from primeval night thou hast, in praise of Him who holdeth thy waters in the hollow of his hand.

The common pastimes of a sea life, reading, noting the winds, clouds, and progress of the ship, observing the various fish—sometimes a dolphin, or a shark, now and then the sporting porpoises and in the evening the corruscations of the waters, or the brilliant wide spread scintillations of a passing shoal of fish, whiled the hours rapidly away. The bland atmosphere of the gulf-stream much relieved the cough of the invalid and soothed the irritation of his lungs. The formidable Cape Hatteras was safely passed in the night, and after a moderate but pleasant passage, the Coffin-Land lighthouse was discerned at the south. A pilot was soon on board—and safely crossing the dangerous sand bar, the ship entered the harbour of Charleston. The guns of fort Moultrie frowned on one side—the palmettoes and orange groves of James Island smiled on the other, and the city spread out in pride and beauty in front. H.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 8, 1837.

A WORD FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Sunday Schools are one particular mode of the Religious Instruction of the young. A great and important one, but by no means the greatest, or the only.

Young persons whose affections are deeply enlisted in them, are apt, we fear, to entertain too exalted an estimate of their comparative consequence and value; to speak as if they considered that their office ranked the highest in the dispensation of Christian truth; as if all who do not give them their unqualified approbation and hearty sympathy are necessarily indifferent to the cause of truth and *righteousness*; as if all the other stars—the other agents in the spread of light and love—should pay *homage to their star. Far be it, indeed,* from us to quarrel with this natural and to a certain extent noble enthusiasm, which tells so eloquently that the hearts of those who manifest it are devoted to their good work. But, believing as many of us do, that such persons labor under a mistake, which, the sooner it is corrected, the better for the interests of their cause and for themselves, we cannot forbear, even though at some risk of being misconceived, to give utterance to the few plain thoughts upon the subject which are uppermost in our mind. We consider then, that although Sunday schools are to be and are a very important means of the spread of righteousness, yet that they are, as at this moment conducted, by no means free from serious dangers and imperfections. They are indeed still but in their infancy. Their friends are even yet experimenting with them. And they who will not listen to the objections that may be made against them as presently managed and modified, who are not willing to be told that they have *any faults*, are in reality placing the most effectual bar in the way of their progress towards the accomplishment of their most perfect work.

Be it ever remembered—for it is a distinction which is too much kept out of view—that it is not *Sunday Schools* as such, which are the hope of the Church, the very *soul of the commandment*, as they have been sometimes called—but, it is the *Christian education of the young* which is the great thing—which is by no means synonymous with the Sunday school—but of which Sunday schools are one particular form and branch.

Christian education—the training up of the human race for heaven—this is the great thing. And all this is not to be done within the walls of the Sunday school. The mother and the father and the influences of the Christian home *do more* for this end: the Church with its services and associations does no less: the well conducted *day* school exerts a power scarce inferior—companions, books, natural scenes, and the events and experiences of life, constituting the silent discipline of Providence are by no means to be overlooked in view of the great result, and every holy life, and every happy death may impart more virtuous impulse to a young heart, more aid in the soul's progress to Heaven than the most successful teacher of a Sabbath school from the beginning to the end of a year.

The Sabbath school is not the *foundation of the Church*—it is an appendage and ornament to it. It is not the corner stone upon which the other institutions of the Gospel rest—it grows overshadowed by their broad wing. It grows out of them—it receives its life blood from them—while in its turn it is one organ of their strength, one weapon for their defence, one fountain of their health and joy.

We have said that Sunday schools as presently conducted, are not free from imperfec-

tions and dangers: and that we may not be liable to the accusation of having made a vague and indefinite charge, we will state a single objection sometimes brought against them by judicious men—viz. that young minds are not unfrequently submitted in them to inexperienced and incompetent instructors.

There has been so much want felt of a *sufficient number* of Teachers that it has been not unusual for those who are already engaged in the Sunday school to throw their doors widely open, and invite and urge all, whether particularly well qualified and earnestly desirous of the work or not, to come in and assume at once the high and responsible office of a Teacher of the religion of Christ. Now the objector says, and with truth and justice, that it is a great and solemn work to write upon a young soul its early impressions of God and duty, and eternal life—it is a momentous concern to instruct the Savior's little ones in the elements of truth—in the science of immortality. It requires intimate knowledge of the truths and doctrines of Christianity, and still more, deep and long experimental acquaintance with its life, to qualify any one to fill the office of a Heavenly guide to an infant soul. And still again, those must first *love*, tenderly and deeply love Jesus himself—nay, again and again, *three times* over will he question them as he did the hasty disciple of old, *lovest thou me?*—before he will clothe them with the high commission and the blessed privilege and welcome them into the Sunday school, saying unto them, *feed my lambs.* Now will not young teachers, and particularly they who come by solicitation and not of the irresistible prompting of their own heart—be extremely liable to inculcate many errors, many strange and crude fancies of their own upon the mind of childhood—instead of instilling into it the sincere milk of the divine word—and will they not by their lightness of demeanor, and their irregularity and indifference throw an air of trifling upon sacred things, lower the lofty standard of *right*, and taint the spotless beauty of holiness to the vision of the observing and imitative young.

There is certainly danger—great danger here. And we have heard what we believe to be very low and unworthy motives, very unjust notions of God and Jesus addressed to the child in the precincts of the Sunday school.

But to what purpose, it may well be asked, do you bring up these objections? We answer for a great and solemn purpose—even for the best interests of Sunday schools themselves.

We would bring into bold relief the defects of the Sunday School as it is—that so all of us, its friends, may clearly understand and deeply feel the obligation that is urging us to do each his part—to *make* the Institution what it *may* be and ought to be.

The great desideratum is to obtain a *sufficiency of competent, regular, and faithful Instructers.* This done—all objections to the Institution are silenced forever. And we intended that the present imperfect thoughts should have direction towards this point—viz. the means of furnishing Teachers of such high character and qualifications, to our Sunday Schools. How shall it be done? We offer to the attention of the Friends of the Sunday School a single suggestion.

It has long seemed to us, in reflecting upon this matter, that, attention should be directed not so much to the drawing in of many *young persons* to undertake the work, as to the *retaining* of all who are already employed, and enlisting the more advanced and mature Christians.

The office of the Sunday School Teacher should be regarded as the best *profession* of every Christian who has the word in his heart—and is rich, to never so small degree, in the precious experiences of the holy life. It should in nowise be looked upon as a service, from which, after a few years, those who have undertaken it may be justly entitled to consider themselves exempt. For it is rather the work of Heaven and eternity. The oldest seraph in the bowers of bliss, '*who countless years his God has sought*,' still takes sweetest delight in imparting the fruits of his study and wisdom to the youngest angel that is born into the heavenly world.

Teachers in general should *never* leave the Sunday School while they are able to walk, or even to be carried thither—if to do no more than repeat with the venerable St John, from Sabbath to Sabbath, 'Little children love one another.' They have *gained* too much—received of heavenly treasure too freely *from* the Sunday School, during the years in which they have been connected with it, to leave it at any period of life without being greatly in its debt. Their services too, grow more and more valuable every year.

We hope to live to see many *Parents* on the Teachers' benches—none make so good Sunday School instructers as they. And we would see too the aged man and woman with tottering step, leaning upon their staffs mingling often with groups of the young on the way to the Sunday School—we can imagine no sight on the earth so lovely and so like the crown of glory that rests over celestial groups as the thin and silvery locks of age entwining with the golden and glossy ringlets of the young as they bend together in reverence over the sacred page.

Space is wanting in the present Register for all that we desire to say on this subject—but, if the spirit moves, we may resume the broken train of remark at some future day.

Our sincere hope is that the spirit of what we have written will not be misunderstood, and hat if there be any force and truth in the above suggestions they will be taken up and turned to use by better minds.

VISITATION OF THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

We would remind brother clergymen and those who are interested in the Divinity College at Cambridge that the annual Visitation of that Institution will take place on the 19th of the present month. We understand that it is expected that the various exercises on that occasion will be of unusual interest. We hope there will be a large assemblage of the friends of Liberal Christianity on that day.

The School certainly deserves all the countenance and aid which the members of our denomination can afford to it.

It is moreover cause of grateful reflection that in various quarters there have been, during the past year manifestations of increasing zeal in relation to its concerns, and we trust that the measures which have been put in operation to enlarge the number of its students and its means of usefulness will not return void unto their projectors.

We shall give in the next Register a Programme of the exercises of the day.

It is desirable that the Brethren should bring to the meeting of the *Philanthropic Society*, which takes place in the afternoon of the day of Visitation the result of their mature reflection upon the important subject which has been selected for the discussion at that time, and which will be found in another column.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY.

The present is an unusually brilliant number. No reader could desire greater novelty and variety than may be found in the subjects of its articles—which are, without exception, interesting, just and well written—while several of them appear to us models of elegant composition and just criticism.

All whose hearts are interested in the prospects and claims of American Literature greatly rejoice at the appearance of every good number of this Review—and the present issue, will in these times produce a sensation of refreshment in this quarter of the world of letters, not very unlike the effect which would be produced in the commercial world by a sudden influx of specie into the stagnant channels of trade.

The following is the table of contents.

Sales's Don Quixote,—History and Languages of the North American Tribes,—Hawthorne's Twice-told Tales,—African Geography,—Prior's Life of Goldsmith,—Libraries,—Tegner's Frithiofs Saga,—Richardson's English Dictionary,—Norton on the Genuineness of the Gospels,—Ternaux's Publications on American History,—Critical Notices,—Quarterly List of New Publications.

Mr Norton's work on the Genuineness of the Gospels is thus spoken of in the North American.

Seldom, perhaps never, has oil so well beaten been brought into the sanctuary of our faith, as in the work under review. Its preparation was commenced in 1819; and the studies and labors of every succeeding year have contributed to its present completeness and accuracy. The result belies not the time which it has cost. The work cannot but take its stand at once with those of Butler, Paley, and Lardner, among the main pillars and bulwarks of Christianity. Apart from the general service, which it must render to the common cause of our faith, it will perform also a service by no means contemptible for the rising generation of theologians. It will make them cautious and suspicious readers of ultra German theorists. Mr Norton has in so numerous instances convicted Eichhorn, Stroth, and Credner, of misstatement, inaccuracy, and inconsistency, as fully to convince us, (what indeed we had already suspected with regard to the first-named,) that, while the lightning of their quick-glancing imaginations may often reveal rich veins of truth, and their vast treasuries of learning may enable us to work these veins successfully, yet they can be trusted no farther, than they can be verified.

It is delightful to read the beautiful and rich reflections of a mind that is delicately ingenious in detecting, and skillful in depicting the more remote morals of the incidents of history and of passing life. What talent is more rarely possessed among the expounders of Scripture, or is more precious to the Teachers who draw instruction for others from the Book of Life.

The slightest circumstance of human experience, and the smallest phenomenon of nature are indeed teeming with wisdom, as we at once understand when we connect them with Deity, and with a universal and perfect plan. And the wiser and more far-sighted man grows, the more, and not the less pregnant with truths and beauties are obscurer and lesser things, to his regard.

The writer of the following is to be envied.

INFANCY OF MOSES.

Many times God writes passages of majesty and honor, even in the faces of children. Little did the mother of Moses think that she held in her lap the deliverer of Israel. It is good to run hazards in greatest appearances of danger. And, now that she sees her treasure can be no longer hid, she ships him in a bark of bulrushes, and commits him to the mercy of the waves, and, which was more merciless, the danger of an Egyptian enemy; yet she does not leave him without a guardian.

No tyranny can forbid her to love him, whom she is forbidden to keep. Her daughter's eyes must supply the place of her arm: and if the weak affections of a mother were thus affectionately careful, what shall we think of Him, whose compassion, is, as himself, infinite? His eye, his hand, cannot but be with us, even when we forsake ourselves. Moses never had a stronger protection about him, not when all Israel were pitched about his tent in the wilderness, than now, when he lay alone on the waves; no water, no Egyptian can hurt him. Neither friend or mother dare own him, but God watches him. When we seem most neglected and forlorn in ourselves, then is God most present, most vigilant.

God's providence brings Pharaoh's daughter thither to deliver the deliverer of his people. His designs go beyond ours: we know not, when we set our foot over our threshold, what He has to do with us. How wisely and sweetly God brings to pass his own purposes, in our ignorance and regardlessness! She saw the ark, opens it, finds the child weeping: his beauty and his tears God has provided for the strong persuasions of mercy. This young and lively oratory prevailed: her heart is struck with compassion, and yet her tongue could say, 'It is a Hebrew child.' See here the merciful daughter of a cruel father. It is an uncharitable and injurious ground, to judge of the child's disposition by the parent's. How well does pity beseem great personages! and most in extremities. It had been death to another to rescue the child of a Hebrew; in her it was safe and noble. It is happy when great ones improve their places to the more charity, as their liberty is more.

Moses' sister finding the princess compassionate, offers to procure a nurse, and fetches a mother: and who can be so fit a nurse as a mother? Lawful policies have from God both liberty in the use and blessing in the success. A little advancement has so puffed some up above themselves, that they have not only forgotten their friends, but scorned their parents. But all the honors of Egypt could not win Moses, nor wean him from a willing misery with the Israelites. If we had Moses' faith, we could not but make his choice: It is only our unbelief that binds us so to the world, and makes us prefer the momentary pleasures of sin before the everlasting recompense of reward.

THE SABBATH.

The following resolutions and their result reflect great honor on the parties conerned.

On the 16th of June inst. the Common Council of the city of Newark, N. J. passed the following resolutions:—

Whereas, The due observance of the Sabbath is calculated to promote the peace and good order of society: And whereas, the cars of the N. J. Railroad and Transportation company, and the steamboat Passaic, are employed in transporting passengers on that day, to, from and through this city; and the Common Council being desirous of preventing the said practice for the future: Therefore

Resolved, That the New Jersey Railroad Company and the owner or owners of the steamboat Passaic, be respectfully requested to desist from running the cars of said company and the said boat, on the Sabbath, for the purpose of transporting passengers.

Resolved, That the mayor be requested to enclose a copy of the above resolution to the president of said railroad company, and to the owner or owners of said steamboat Passaic.

The result of the above application will be found in the subjoined communication.

To the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser.

Gentlemen:—The New Jersey Railroad and Transportation company have passed a resolution that they will henceforth suspend the operation of their horses, locomotives and cars during the Sabbath. I believe this is the first example of the kind which has been afforded since the introduction into our country of this mode of conveyance. This wealthy and respectable company have thus the honor of leading the way in a reformation which is earnestly desired by all who regard the divine commands, and which it is hoped will in no distant day become general. The New Jersey railway is now completed to New Brunswick, and offers a very cheap and expeditious mode of conveyance to travellers from that city to Newark and New York. I trust it will receive none the less patronage of the community generally, and especially the religious and moral, from the fact that it is not employed in the desecration of the Christian Sabbath.

Yours truly,
A RAIL ROAD STOCKHOLDER.

MISS MARTINEAU.

A short extract from the 2d vol of this lady's '*Society in America*' will be found in the present Register. It would be superfluous to say in relation thereto, that it was not copied into our columns because it suited our taste or because we acknowledge its truth. It shows what a mean opinion the English *Unitarian* Lady formed of her transatlantic *brethren* who generally received her as a friend. If her remarks are just, they cannot at least be received as written in the spirit of *sisterly kindness.* We were rather inclined to say, as we concluded her strange chapters relating to *religion* &c, in the United States, *etiam ab hoste doceri.*

Dedication.—We understand that the Meeting-House recently erected by the First Congregational Society in Fitchburg, will be dedicated on Wednesday, the 12th inst.

THE FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

More exquisitely pathetic and true to the holiest emotions of the human heart than the lines on our last page under this title cannot be found in the English language.

It is delightful to turn from the bold and rude strictures of the English Miss Martineau to the delicate yet noble effusions of our own Mrs Sigourney's sweet muse.

We have been requested to copy the following from the Boston Investigator.

At a special meeting of the Trustees of the First Society of Free Enquirers, in Boston, on the 18th instant,

Voted Unanimously, That the Clergy of all denominations be, and they are hereby, invited to lecture at our Hall in Summer-street, on any Sunday forenoon or evening, by their giving five or six days previous notice to the Chairman, or any other one of the Board, so that we can give public notice in the Investigator to that effect.

This vote was passed in consequence of one of the clergy having said that he would come, provided he could have the Hall in the evening and we are determined to leave them without excuse.

ABEL BALDWIN, *Chairman.*

It gives us pleasure to state that Rev Charles A. Farley, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation from 'the First Unitarian Society of Alton' (Illinois) to become their Pastor. The Ordination will take place at Dr Channing's Church on Sunday evening, July 16th.

INTELLIGENCE.

National Anniversary.—The Daily Advertiser gives the following account of the late celebration.

The various arrangements in this city for the celebration of the late anniversary were successfully carried into effect. The citizens who joined the City procession and attended the services at the Church, were entertained by a very sensible and appropriate oration from Mr Chapman. The various places of amusement were visited by great numbers, and notwithstanding the concourse of persons at many different places, there was a universal prevalence as far as we have learned, of good order and decorum. The music provided on the common by the city authorities, contributed to the entertainment of great numbers.—The fireworks in the evening were remarkably successful, and presented a most beautiful exhibition. Some of the pieces exhibited we believe were far more beautiful than any thing of the kind ever before exhibited in this city. This display attracted an immense number of spectators, embracing not only our own citizens, but vast numbers from the neighboring towns.

Mr Lauriat's Ascension.—The ascension of Mr Lauriat, on Tuesday afternoon, was a very fine one. He left East Boston about 5 o'clock, ascended rapidly to a great height, and was soon lost to view by intervening clouds The direction in which the balloon went was about S. E. thus crossing a portion of the Bay. The balloon approached the earth near 'Captains Hill' in the southerly part of Duxbury, and Mr Lauriat, by means of his grapples, endeavored to alight, but the fences and shrubbery with which it came in contact, gave way, but finally became stationary upon the flats in the Bay, left bare by the tide a few minutes after 6 o'clock. A number of boats put off to his assistance, and he soon after reached the shore in safety, and without injury to his balloon. The distance from Boston is 33 miles, and was accomplished in ubout an hour, there being a fresh N W. breeze. The height to which the balloon arose is computed at 17,000 feet, or a little over three miles and a quarter.

Seamen's Aid Society.—There are few societies more worthy of assistance from the opulent, and encouragement from all classes of the community, than the Seamen's Aid Society in this city. The object of this Society is a noble, disinterested, and holy one—it is to extend a helping hand to sailors, a class in the community, which has hitherto been too much overlooked—to furnish them aid when in distress, to communicate to them religious and moral instruction—and to provide for their families employment of a suitable kind—and schools where their children can be taught to read and to write, and instructed in the means of providing for their own maintenance. The objects this society cannot but meet the cordial approval of all benevolent minds—and whoever has read the able and interesting report of Mrs Sarah J. Hale, the President of the Society, must feel convinced that the measures adopted for the promotion of these objects have been conceived in wisdom, and executed with a spirit and vigor, which reflects the highest credit on the government of the Society—and ought to elicit the confidence and thanks of all the benefactors of this excellent association.

The establishment of a school for the daughters of seamen, is a praiseworthy act. It is an important feature in the charities of the Seamen's Aid Society; and, in the language of the report, if it can be continued, will lay the foundation for moral improvement in character, of a large, useful, and hitherto cruelly-neglected class of the community. The report goes on to say, 'The education of seamen's wives and daughters is made more absolutely necessary by the almost constant absence from home of the men of this profession—consequently the whole ordering of the household, and bringing up the children devolves upon females. Shall these be allowed to remain in ignorance, surrounded by temptations to vices of the worst and most polluting kind, without any effort being made to mould their habits rightly, and enlighten their minds, and fortify their hearts to resist and avoid the evil?'

The girls' school established by this society, has thus far prospered exceedingly. The pupils number between thirty and forty—and many applications for admittance are made, which, for want of means of extending its operations, the society is obliged to refuse. They are instructed in the common branches of English education in the forenoon, and in the afternoon are taught needlework, and receive oral instruction in the social, moral, and religious duties of females. Employment is also furnished to the little girls, and as soon as they are able to make a shirt, they are paid the same price for their work, that is paid their mothers. A small library is also established for seamen's children, which is a source of great amusement and instruction. Every Saturday afternoon they are permitted to take books—one volume for each family. It is really to be regretted that the excellent operations of this society are to be so limited for want of the necessary funds.—*Merc Journal.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Horace Gray to Miss Sarah Russell Gardner, daughter of Samuel P. Gardner, Esq. Mr David W. Kidder to Miss Sarah Edson; Mr Oral Dimond to Miss Susan Lamson.

In Worcester, 28th ult. Dr Benjamin F. Heywood to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Dr John Green.

In Sherburne, 4th inst., by Rev. Mr Clark, Sylvanus Phipps, Esq. of Framingham, to Miss Polly Grout, of Sherburne.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Sunday, Mrs Nabby, wife of Mr John Hooton, Jr., 48; Mr Lewis Wyman, 28, formerly of Goffstown, N. H. On Thursday evening, June 29, Jason Dyer Battles, son of J. D. Battles, aged 2 years and 2 months.

In North Bridgewater, 2d ult. Deacon Jonathan Perkins, 79.

In Townsend, 1st inst. Mrs Charlotte F., wife of Mr John Fenno, of Chelsea, 38.

In Littleton, on the 23d ult. Alexander Dustin, infant son of Rev. William H. and Sarah B. White, aged five months and 11 days.

In Salem, Mrs Margeret, relict of the late Joseph Sprague, Esq., and daughter of the late Dr Joseph Osgood, aged 58.

MARTINEAU'S Society in America &c., The Theatre, Life of Walton, Scotts Life, Incidets of Travels, at the Literary Rooms.
jy 8. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

SOCIETY IN AMERICA, 2 vols by Harriet Martineau. A fresh supply, received and for sale, by JAMES MUNROE & CO. jy8.

REPUBLICATICNS OF THE FOREIGN REVIEWS.

THE following are now in press at New York, and will be published immediately.
The London and Westminster Review No ix, and li.
The Foreign Quarterly Review, No xxxvi.
The Edinburgh Review, No. cxxxi.
The London Quarterly Review, No cxv.
Blackwood's Magazine, for April.
Foster's Cabinet Miscellany, No xxxii, being the third part of Prior's Life of Goldsmith.

The Reviews and Magazines issued with all the punctuality the receipt of the original copies in this country, together with the necessary delay of reprinting them, will admit of—while the qualtity of the paper and the typographical execution of the Works in every respect worthy of the extensive and creasing patronage bestowed on them.

For the Reviews $8
Three of them $7
Two of them $5
One of them $3
Blackwood's Magazine, $5
Metropolitan, $4
Blackwood and Metropolitan, $8
For the four Reviews, Blackwood and the Metropolitan Magazines, $10 pr ann.
For Foster's Cabinet Miscellany pr ann, $5.
For all the foregoing and Foster's Cabinet Miscellany, $20.

Subscriptions received by the Agent at the Literary Rooms 121 Washington St.
jy 8 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

NEW BOOKS.
Lockhart's Scott, vol. 1. 3pts.
Meditations for the Sick.
Noyes's Prophets, 2 vol.
Martineau Society in America 2 vols.
Victims of Society 2 vols.
Irvings Rocky Mountains, 2 vols.
Fox's Ministry of Jesus, 2 vols.
For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. jy 8.

Sala by Auction of Valuable Books, principally in Foreign Languages.

ON Saturday July 15 at 9 and 3 o'clock, will be sold by Whitwell, Bond & Co, at the store No. 3 Tudor's building, opposite the East side of the New Court House a large collection of valuable books, principally French, Spanish, Italian, and German—a few English, Latin, Greek and other languages.

Catalogues may be had at the office of Whitwell, Bond & Co., and at the place of sale. The books may be seen during the three days preceding the sale.

BOARDERS WANTED.—Two or three Lads can be accommodated with board, a few miles from the city, where they will receive suitable care and attention. There is an academy and other schools in the immediate vicinity. Inquire at this office. j1

FOX'S MINISTRY OF JESUS, 2d vol.—Just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S. j 8

STANDARD LIBRARY EDITIONS of the following—Milton, Young, Gray, Beattie, Collins and Goldsmith's Works—Scott's do—Byron's do—Moore's do—Burn's do—Coleridge, Shelly and Keats—Mrs Hemans—Hemans, Heber and Pollok—Burke's Works, 3vols—Encyclopedia Americana, 13 vols—Hume, Smollet and Miller's England 4 vols,—Irving, Cooper, Miss Edgeworth's and Mrs Sherwood's Works, &c &c. For sale at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and School sts. j 8

DENTISTRY.

GEORGE H. GAY, Dentist, No. 252 Washington st. June 17

PASTURAGE.

GOOD Pasturage for two horses, a few miles from the City: Inquire at this office. June 17

NEW SUPPLIES.

OFFERING of Sympathy, in handsome bindings, the best book in print for those in affliction, especially for parents bereaved of their children.

Allen's Questions, or select portions of the four Evangelist, part 2d, a new edition.

Allen's Questions on select portions of the Old Testament, part 1—Genesis.

N. B. Will be ready next week, *A Service Book for Sunday Schools*, to which is added a collection of Hymns. Compiled for the use of the *Boylston Chapel Sunday School*, Charlestown. By Rev. James Walker, D. D. second edition.

Those who wish to introduce this popular book will do well to apply soon, as this edition is already nearly all engaged.

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TENTH VOLUME
OF THE
KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

'A NATIONAL Periodical Literature,' says a distinguished American statesman, 'is the graceful ornament of civil liberty, and a happy restraint on the asperities which political controversies sometimes occasion It is an embellishment of society, and diffuses positive good throughout the whole extent of its influence.' And one of scarcely less eminence, both as a man and a patriot, has declared, that 'LEISURE and MONEY bestowed upon instructive and entertaining periodical reading, can never be abused nor misapplied; and it is honorable,' he adds, 'to thousands in our country—of our young population, especially—that both (often obtained by much labor and self-denial,) are liberally and worthily applied to this object. The good effects of this propensity are not confined to present intellectual enjoyment: they pervade the future, with an influence alike salutary and powerful.' Such a native literature as is here alluded to, it has been the purpose of the Magazine, a new volume of which is herewith announced, to render honored at home and respected abroad. Its Editors have aimed to suit their periodical to readers of every denomination—to make it generally entertaining and useful. They have endeavored to blend instruction with amusement—to pass from light and gay effusions to stern disquisition; to mingle erudition with wit; to allure and please the studious and the grave, as well as the lover of light reading; to the former suggesting matter for reflection and remark, infusing into the latter the love of knowledge, and affording to both a not inelegant nor uninstructive relaxation and amusement.

On the first of July, 1837, will commence the tenth volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, OR NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The publishers, mindful of the favor with which their efforts have been received at the hands of the public, would embrace the recurrence of a new starting-point, as a fit occasion to 'look backward and forward' at the past and prospective character and course of their periodical. Within the brief space of a little more than two years and a half, the number of copies issued of the KNICKERBOCKER has been increased from less than *five hundred* to more than *four thousand*, without other aids than the acknowledged merits of the work—acknowledged, not more explicitly by this unprecedented success, than by upward of three thousand highly favorable notices of the Magazine, which, at different times, have appeared in the various journals of the United States, embracing those of the first and most discriminating class, in every section of the Union. Of many hundreds who desired specimen numbers, and to whom they have been sent for examination, previous to subscribing, *not one* but has found the work worthy of immediate subscription. A correct inference in regard to the *interest* or *quality* of the matter furnished by the publishers, may be gathered from the foregoing facts. In relation to the *quantity* given, it need only be said, that it has always exceeded the maximum promised, and in the numbers for the last year, by more than *four hundred pages*. Of the clearness and beauty of the typographical execution and matériel of the KNICKERBOCKER, and the character of its embellishments—which, although not expected by its readers, nor promised by its proprietors, have nevertheless been given—it is not deemed necessary to speak. They will challenge comparison, it is believed, with any similar periodical, at home or abroad.

It has been observed, that the constant aim of the Editors, in the management of the KNICKERBOCKER, has been to make the work *entertaining* and *agreeable*, as well as *solid* and *useful*. It is perhaps owing to a predominance of these first-named characteristics, that it has become so widely known to the public. In addition to several well-known and popular series of numbers—such as the 'Odds and Ends of a Penny-a-Liner,' 'Ollapodiana,' the 'Palmyra Letters,' 'An Actor's Alloquy,' 'Leaves from the Blank Book of a Country Schoolmaster,' 'Wilson Conworth,' 'Life in Florida,' 'Loaferiana,' 'The Eclectic,' 'Passages from the Common-place Book of a Septuagenarian,' Notes from Journals of Travels in America, and in various Foreign Countries, 'The Fidget Papers,' etc.,—liberal space has been devoted to interesting Tales, illustrating American society, manners, the times, etc., embracing, beside, stories of the sea, and of pathos and humor, upon a great variety of subjects, together with biographies, legends, and essays, upon numerous and varied themes, interspersed with frequent articles of poetry, of such a description as to secure for the Magazine, in this department, a gratifying preëminence and celebrity. But neither the *scientific* nor the *learned*, the *solid* nor the *useful*, has been omitted, or lightly regarded. Original articles, from distinguished writers, (which have attracted much attention in this country, and several of which have been copied and lauded abroad,) have appeared in the recent numbers of the work, upon the following subjects:

Past and Present State of American Literature; South American Antiquities; Inland Navigation; Geology and Revealed Religion; Insanity and Monomania; Liberty *versus* Literature and the Fine Arts; Early History of the Country; Connexion of the Physical Sciences; Atmospheric Electricity, a New Theory of Magnetism, and Molecular Attraction; American Female Character; Pulmonary Consumption; Pulpit Eloquence; The Prospects and Duties of the Age; Health of Europe and America; Literary Protection and International Copy Right; Poetry of the Inspired Writings; Chinese Nations and Languages; Chemistry (Laboratory of Nature); The Past, the Present, and the Future; Our Country, with Comments on its Parties, Laws, Public Schools, and Sketches of American Society, Men, Education, Manners, and Scenery; Philosophy of the Rosicrucians; Intellectual Philosophy, Philology, Astronomy, Animal and Vegetable Physiology, Astrology, Botany, Mineralogy, and Phrenology; Progress of the Age, and of Modern Liberty; Christianity in France; American Organic Remains; Historical Recollections; the Nature of Comets; Discussion on Scriptural Miracles; Sectional Distinctions of the Union; Peace Societies; Periodicity of Diseases; Essays on Music, Fine Writing, etc.; together with many articles of a kindred description, which it would exceed the limits of this advertisement to enumerate in detail

Allusion has not been had to the Literary Reviews of new works—which have embraced all the current literature of the day, with copious and interesting extracts—nor to the editorial division, in which are chronicled all interesting matters of a local and general nature, with Original Miscellanies, Notices of the Drama, the Fine Arts, etc. In short, in all things, it has been the steady purpose of the publishers and editors—Americans by birth and in heart—to present a magazine thoroughly AMERICAN in its tendencies, free from political or party bias, and wide and various in its scope, in which *all* should find something to interest or instruct, and *none* any thing offensive to good taste, or subversive of sound morals ure patriotism, or true religion.

Among those who have contributed papers of a learned scientific, or solid and useful character—including two or three whose articles are in preparation—may be mentioned the following.

J. K. PAULDING,	Dr. RUSH, Philad.,
Prof. ANTHON, Col. College,	Dr. BRIGHAM, Conn.,
Prof. ED. WM. JOHNSON, S. C.,	GEORGE GRIFFIN, Esq., N. Y.,
HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT,	JAMES BROOKS, Maine,
Rev. CALVIN COLTON,	Hon. LEWIS CASS,
President DUER, of Columbia College,	Professor DAPONTE,
NOAH WEBSTER, Conn.,	Prof. O. B. WOLF, Germany,
Dr. SAMUEL L. METCALF,	Rev. GILBERT MORGAN, Ohio,
Rev. Dr. BRANTLEY, Penn.,	Hon. CHARLES MINER, Penn.,
Hon. D. D. BARNARD, N. Y.,	Rev. Dr. BEASLEY, N. J.,
Professor BARBER,	W. A. ROGERS, Esq., Del.,
Mrs. SEDGWICK, Mass.,	Rev. Mr. GANNETT, Mass.,
Prof. HITCHCOCK, Mass.,	Prof. HOLLAND, Conn.,
G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH,	Rev. Mr. SCHROEDER,
Hon. R. H. WILDE, Georgia,	Prof. FELTON, Cambridge,
Prof. RAFINESQUE, and	Rev. H. J. WHITEHOUSE,
M. CAREY, Philad.,	Hon. B. W. RICHARDS, Penn.,
Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY,	Rev. B. W. O. PEABODY, Mass.,
Rev. J. H. CLINCH, Mass.,	J. N. REDDOWS, and
	B. B. THATCHER, Esq's.

In the department of Tales, Essays, Sketches, Biographies, Legends, etc., the subjoined names, among others, have been conspicuous:

Rev. WALTER COLTON,	TIMOTHY FLINT, Miss.,
Prof. LONGFELLOW, Mass.,	J. W. GOULD,
Dr. BIRD, Penn.,	Colonel M'KENNEY,
J. K. PAULDING,	THEODORE S. FAY,
J. G. PERCIVAL,	WILLIAM DUNLAP, Esq.,
Miss LESLIE,	E. T. TROOP MARTIN,
W. L. STONE, Esq.,	TYRONE POWER,
Mrs. C. GILMAN, S. C.,	W. G. CLARK, Philad.,
The Author of 'PELHAM,'	Mrs. FRANCES A. BUTLER,
N. HAWTHORNE, Mass.,	W. P. PALMER,
Gen. DUCOUDRAY HOLSTEIN,	STACY G. POTTS, N. J.,
W. G. SIMMS, Esq.,	ROBERT BURTS, U. S. N.,
H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Mich.,	JOHN INMAN, Esq., N. Y.,
W. E. BURTON, Philad.,	JAMES BROOKS,
J. BARBER, New York,	SAMUEL L. KNAPP, Esq.,
Miss C. M. SEDGWICK,	JOSEPH C. NEAL,
Hon. Judge HALL, Ohio,	Mrs. E. F. ELLETT, S. C.,
Capt. MARRYAT, Eng.,	R. S. MACKENZIE, Esq., Eng.,
Prof. BARBER,	Mrs. A. J. GRAVES, Md.,
Miss E. B. CLARKE,	'ALGERNON SIDNEY,' Cambridge, Mass., and
J. N. BELLOWS,	H. H. RILEY, N. Y.
Dr. CARUTHERS, Va.,	

The names which follow, include but few of the many who have contributed, from first to last, to the poetical department:

J. G. PERCIVAL,	Rev. Dr. PISE,
W. C. BRYANT,	Miss E. B. CLARKE,
Rev. JOHN PIERPONT,	GEO. LUNT, Mass.,
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY,	W. P. PALMER, N. Y.,
ROBERT SOUTHEY, Eng.,	Miss M. A. BROWNE, Eng.,
J. G. WHITTIER, Mass.,	W. G. CLARK, Philad.,
Mrs. E. F. ELLETT, S. C.,	Miss FANNY KEMBLE,
W. G. SIMMS, S. C.,	J. H. BRIGHT, Esq.,
Miss L. E. LANDON, Eng.,	Mrs. K. A. WARE,
JOSEPH BARBER,	ROBERT MORRIS, Philad.,
E. L. BULWER, Eng.,	Miss H. L. BEASLEY, N. J.,
Miss H. F. GOULD, Mass.,	W. D. GALLAGHER, Ky.,
Mrs. S. J. HALE,	Mrs. DAPONTE,
W. E. BURTON, Penn.,	TIMOTHY FLINT, Miss.
Mrs. E. C. EMBURY,	Miss M. E. LEE, S. C.

To the foregoing particulars, the publishers would only add, that at no period since the work passed into their hands, have its literary capabilities and prospects been so ample and auspicious as at present; and that not only will the same exertions be continued, which have secured to their subscription list an unexampled increase, but their claims upon the public favor will be enhanced by every means which increasing endeavor, enlarged facilities, and the most liberal expenditure, can command. Back numbers have been reprinted to supply Volume Nine, and five thousand copies of Volume Ten will be printed, to meet the demands of new subscribers. The work is now so firmly established in the public regard, as to be beyond the reach of any contingency which can affect its permanence. Increased encouragement, however, would still enable the publishers to add to the enjoyment of their readers. And they readily promise, that in an equal ratio with the enhancement of their ability, through the liberality of the public, shall be their *effective* labors. If each subscriber to the work, who has derived pleasure from its perusal, would send one or more names, (a not difficult task, it is confidently believed,) the publishers can safely affirm, that *no periodical*, foreign or domestic, will be permitted to exceed in variety and interest the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

A FEW brief notices of the Knickerbocker, from well-known journals, are subjoined:

'The progress of the Knickerbocker is still onward. It is conducted with decided ability, is copious and varied in its contents, and is printed in a superior style. At this season, we have little space for literary extracts, and cannot, therefore, enable those of our readers who may not see this Magazine, to judge of its merits, otherwise than upon our assurance that they are of a high order.'—*New-York American.*

'We have found in the Knickerbocker so much to admire, and so little to condemn, that we can hardly trust ourselves to speak of it from first impressions, as we could not do so, without being suspected of extravagant praise.' 'It is not surpassed by any of its contemporaries at home or abroad.' 'It sustains high ground in all the requisites of a Magazine; and we are pleased to see that its merits are appreciated abroad as well as at home.'—*Albany Argus.*

'This monthly periodical is now so well known, that it hardly needs commendation; having established for itself a character among the ablest and most entertaining publications in the land.'—*New-York Journal of Commerce.*

'The Knickerbocker seems to increase in attraction as it advances in age. It exhibits a monthly variety of contributions, unsurpassed in number or ability.'—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

'The work is in the highest degree creditable to the literature of our country.'—*Washington Globe.*

'We have read several numbers of this talented periodical, and rejoiced in them. They would do credit to any country, or to any state of civilization to which humanity has yet arrived.'—*Marryat's London Metropolitan Magazine.*

'We hope it will not be inferred, from our omission to notice the several numbers of the Knickerbocker as they have appeared, that we have therefore lost sight of its high character and increasing excellence. It has become decidedly one of the best magazines in America. The proprietors have succeeded in procuring for its pages the first talent of this country, as well as valuable aid from distinguished foreign sources.'—*New-York Mirror.*

'We have on several occasions adverted to the spirit and tone of the articles contained in this periodical, as being radically *American*, and as highly honorable to our literature.' 'It seizes the spirit of the times, and deals with it boldly and ably.'—*Baltimore American.*

'There is no publication among the many we receive from the Old Country, and from this continent, to the receipt of which we look forward with higher expectation than the Knickerbocker; and it never disappoints our anticipations.' *Quebec Mercury.*

'Its contents are of real excellence and variety. No department is permitted to decline, or to appear in bad contrast with another.'—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

'This American Magazine bids fair to rival some of our best English monthlies. It contains many very excellent articles.'—*London Atlas.*

'Its contents are spirited—well conceived, and well written.'—*United States' Gazette.*

'In our humble opinion, this is the best literary publication in the United States, and deserves the extensive patronage it has received.'—*Columbia (S.C.) Telescope.*

TERMS.

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POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

FROM A FOREIGN LAND TO MY FAMILY CIRCLE.

When morning ushers in the day,
When all the shades of night withdraw;
Before you rise, one moment stay,
And think of him, who's far awa'.

When at the festive board you meet,
While cold and rough the wild winds 'blaw',
Then as you view the vacant seat,
O think of him who's far awa'.

And when at eve, around you sit,
(The dearest hour among them a',)
Remember him—*he* 'll not forget—
O think of him, he's far awa'.

And when before you sink to rest,
As near to God in prayer you draw;
O ask that he too, may be blest,
Who from his home is far awa'.

And when at last that morn shall break,
More glorious than the world e'er saw,
Friends of my heart! may we all wake
In that bright home that's far awa'.

J. S. W.

THE FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

Come gather closer to my side,
My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock:
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile,
And once a cradled babe did float
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide?
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim?
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove;
Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love:
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng;
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain,
Come, warble loud and clear;
Alas, alas, you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear:
Good night: go, say the prayer she taught,
Beside your little bed,
The lips that used to bless you there,
Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life,
His care protect those shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife:
But who, upon your infant hearts,
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?
Dear smitten flock, good night! L. H. S.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother nature laughs around?
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes through the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows thro' all the sky;
The ground squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding-bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
Their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And here they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in yon aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in yon beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look on the broad-faced sun! how he smiles,
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,—
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away!

SLEEP.

BY HENRY SEWELL STOKES.

Sleep! for the night is dark,
Or kindles to decoy;
Sleep till the sun arise, and all
The world be living joy.

Betake thee, man of toil,
Unto thy couch betimes;
So mayest thou dream a pleasant dream
Before the midnight chimes.

Sleep, student, sleep! thy cheek
Pales o'er the classic page;
The taper lights thee to the tomb,
Young genius' heritage.

Sleep, beauty! though by love
Illumed the glow-worm's lamp;
Consumption comes from dazzling halls
Into the night-winds damp.

Sleep while ye may, for soon
Will wakeful age come on;
Your comforts then by the glowing hearth,
All with the embers gone.

But would ye sleep serene,
Young, or may be when old,
Pure be the conscience—else in vain
The arms to slumber fold.

Pure be the breast, and calm
The long last sleep shall be,
Reposing on the downy arm
Of Heavenly Clemency.

SATURDAY EVENING.

[By Josiah Conder.]

The hours of evening close:
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath dawn.
So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of ontward care;
Nor thoughts for 'many things' assail
The still retreat of prayer.

Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep;
And safe from violence or fear,
Will fold his flock to sleep.
So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirit rouse,
And call us, strengthened by His might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERSEVERANCE; OR, THE LOST SHILLING.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning of a summer's day that a dozen or more persons were seen all of them walking slowly backwards and forwards close to the palisades of Squire Allen's garden. Every head was bent downwards, and every eye intently fixed upon the ground, so that it was clear something was lost, which they were endeavoring to find.

There was a little girl about twelve years old, in a black bonnet and check apron, carrying a child in her arms; and an old woman, with a yellow handkerchief over her shoulders, with a basket; half a dozen children of different ages; a poor man, dressed in an old fustian jacket and trousers; a decent-looking servant girl; two lads, one dressed in brown, and the other in blue.

'What is the matter?' said a lady who was passing. The servant dropped a courtesy, told her that the girl in a black bonnet, carrying the child, had dropped a shilling. 'She ought to be more careful,' replied the lady, and passed on.

'What are you looking for?' inquired a gentleman on horseback, reining in his horse for a moment. 'For a shilling, sir,' said the poor man, 'that a nurse-girl has dropped.' Off rode the gentleman on horseback without speaking another word, thinking that he might, perhaps, be expected to open his purse.

While the group were employed in their fruitless search a butcher's lad came up. A baker put down his basket of bread, and a market gardener stopped his loaded cart. All these asked what was the matter, and each had the same reply, that a shilling had been lost by a girl. The nurse-girl, the old woman, the poor man, the lads, and the children, continued their search; and the butcher, the baker, and the market-gardener, groped about as diligently as the rest, in the vain hope of finding the lost shilling.

By degrees the group got less and less, and it seemed as though the lost shilling was almost given over; but, among the few that remained groping about as industriously as before, was the poor man in the fustian jacket and trousers.

For some time the search was continued, while every now and then a passer-by stopped to satisfy his curiosity as to what had drawn the group together, and the object they had in view. Some encouraged them to persevere, while others threw cold water upon the matter.

Thus at one time dispirited, and at another encouraged, the group worked to and fro until hope seemed once more almost gone.

Now it happened that a dark cloud for the last half-hour had approached the place, and in a little time the sky, bright as it had before been, became overshadowed. The throng moved away one by one, leaving no one behind save the poor man in the old fustian jacket and trousers. The shine had not prevented him from continuing his search, and the shower did not drive him away from his undertaking. First on one side of the road, and then on the other—now among the stones, and now among the dock-leaves and grass—he groped about with undiminished perseverance in search of the lost shilling.

When the storm was over, the girl with the child in her arms, who, though she had given over looking herself for the lost coin, still hovered about the place in case any one else should find it, came once more to the spot. The shower had no donbt washed away the dirt from the spot where the shilling lay, for the poor man had examined the place before twenty times over without discovering the coin; but no sooner did he approach the spot, when the shower had subsided, than he cried, 'Here it is at last!' and, stooping to the ground, picked up the lost shilling.

It would be hard to say whether the poor man or the nurse-girl was the most happy as he put the shilling into her hand. 'Be more careful of your money, my lass,' said he; 'for another time you may not be lucky enough to find it.'

From time to time the tutor of Squire Allen's sons, who was a kind-hearted and pious man, having heard of the loss, had observed from a window the different people who had been looking after the shilling, and the moment he saw it picked up he hastened out of the house to speak to the poor man.

'You have given yourself much trouble about that shilling,' said he to the poor man, just as the latter was walking away, 'and hindered yourself sadly.' 'Why, as to that, sir,' replied the man, 'I shall perhaps make it up before the day is over; I have got children of my own, and one of them goes out a nursing; she couldn't lose a shilling without losing her place too, and it might, perhaps, be the same with the girl yonder.'

'You are a kind-hearted man,' said the tutor, putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out a shilling; 'there, take that; I never parted with a shilling with more pleasure in my life.' The poor man in the old fustian jacket and trousers returned thanks, and walked off one way, while the tutor walked the other. Just as the tutor had opened the gate leading into the shrubery he met Squire Allen's two sons, the one about seven, and the other nine years old, and to them he gave the whole account of the lost shilling.

Now it was a rare case for him to relate any occurence to the boys without pointing out some advantage that might be gained from it; so, as soon as the tale of the lost shilling had been told, he added the following remarks:—

'It will be our own fault if we cannot learn a lesson from this affair of the lost shilling. Perseverance is a very valuable quality, and the success of the poor man ought to encourage us to practise it.

'When he set about the matter, he was resolved to go through with it; the difficulty did not hinder him, for perseverance will overcome difficulties. Others came and went away, but not so with the poor man; he still persevered in his search for the lost shilling. Neither did the different opinions of people alter his resolution; whether they were hopeful or desponding he was not discouraged, he continued his search through good report and through ill report, and patiently persevered in the object he had in view. The sun shone and the shower fell, but neither the one nor the other drove him from his purpose; fifty times over he had examined every spot, yet still he persevered, and never gave up the pursuit till he had found the lost shilling. Let us be ever careful that our object is a good one, and our motive in pursuing it a proper one, and then, if we manifest the same perseverance, we may hope for the same success that attended the poor man in his search after the lost shilling.'—*Youth's Friend.*

COURTESY OF CROMWELL.—In the Harleian Manuscripts, in the British Museum, 991, will be found some extracts from the pocket-book of Richard Symonds, who, after giving a brief account of the splendid inauguration of Oliver Cromwell, second to a coronation only by the absence of the crown, says, 'At the marriage of his daughter to Rich, in 1657, the protector threw about sack posset amongst all the ladies, to soil all their rich clothes, which they took as a favor, and also wett swete meates, and dawbed all the stooles, where they were to sit with swete meates, and pulled off Rich's perueque, and would have thrown it into the fire, but he did not, yet he sate upon it.'

[From the National Eagle.]

PLAGIARISMS.

Speaking of plagiarisms, we observe an article in a late Mirror respecting the plagiarisms of Byron, Pope and other English poets. The writer, who by the way appears to be extensively read in English literature, might have made out a much stronger case against Byron. The ideas contained in that beautiful apostrophe to the ocean in Childe Harold, were no doubt borrowed from Madame de Stael, of whose works he was a great admirer. The following from Corrinne, chap. 4th, book 1, was no doubt the origin of the Address to the Ocean.

'It inspires the sublimest sentiments of religion to stand on the portico of this church, and survey that noble ocean, whose surface no man can disfigure by a single mark. The earth is subjected to his industry and the mountains bear the marks of its superiority; the rivers, in obedience to his commands straighten their streams for his convenience, but no sooner is the placid surface of the sea disfigured by his vessels than the indignant billows efface the vestige of slavery, and become again fair and unblemished as at their creation.'

Again that splendid comparison of Byron, contained in the following lines, which has been so much admired for its beauty, was borrowed from Rousseau—

'And thus the heart will break and brokenly live on—
Even as a broken miror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies, and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same and still the more, the more it breaks.'

Byron was so enraptured with this, that he repeats in a note to the Bride of Abydos, where he says, 'Memory, that mirror, which affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflections multiplied.'

In the 78th Letter of Heloise, a book much admired by Byron and frequently referred to in his letters, if we remember right, the same comparison may be found, as follows—

'Let all the beauties of the universe combine to captivate my heart, let them pierce, let them wound it, let them break to pieces this faithful mirror of my Eloisa, her unsullied image will not cease to be reflected from its smallest fragments.'

The writer in the N. Y. Mirror might adduce almost unnumbered instances of plagiarisms on the part of the most popular British writers. Campbell is indebted to Sterne for one of the finest comparisons in the Pleasures of Hope, and as to Sterne himself, every reader knows he was one of the greatest literary poachers of his day. We do not think these plagiarisms are intentional in all cases, as the writer in the Mirror appears to suppose. An author who has read a good deal, has his memory stored with the beautiful passages and startling thoughts of other writers. They are put away in the storehouse of his mind, till they become, as it were, a portion of his thoughts, and their paternity is in a measure lost or forgotten. When he puts pen to paper, they come up unbidden, and are embodied in the work upon which he is engaged. They go forth to the world—and forthwith the critic charges him with 'plagiarism.' But as we do not propose to write a literary disquisition, we forbear pursuing the subject.

THE MOUNT VERNON FARMER.

The fame of Gen. Washington as a soldier and statesman is universally known and highly admired by all who appreciate talents, worth and love of country; but his character as a farmer was less known in his day, and his memory in this respect is not venerated according to its desert. Possessing ample means and the most ardent love of rural life, he was one of the first experimental and practical farmers of Virginia. His estate at Mt. Vernon consisted of 10,000 acres of land in one body, equal to about 15 square miles. It was divided into farms of convenient size, at the distance of 2, 3 4 and 5 miles, from his mansion house. These farms he visited every day in pleasant weather, and was constantly engaged in making experiments for the improvement of agriculture.

Some idea of the extent of his farming operations may be formed from the following facts,—in 1787 he had 500 acres in grass—sowed 600 bushels of oats—700 acres with wheat, and prepared as much more for corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, &c., and 150 with turnips. His stock consisted of 140 horses, 112 cows, 225 working oxen, heifers and steers, and 500 sheep. He constantly employed 250 hands, and kept 24 ploughs going during the whole year, when the earth and the state of the weather would permit. In 1785, he slaughtered 150 hogs, weighing 18,560 pounds, for the use of his family, besides provisions for his negroes. —*Silk Culturist.*

CHRISTENINGS.—They tell of Bishop Porteus, that he had an utter aversion to long names, and fine names, and more than one name. That being called upon, when a parish priest, to christen a poor man's child, Thomas Timothy, he dipped his finger hastily in the basin, cut the matter and the names short, and christened the child 'Tom Tit.' The fashion is now running, and has been for some years, to fine names—Bettys, Sallys, Sukeys, Nannys, are all gone.

Now of names—Surely I have entered on the register the strangest names imaginable—A mason's wife, and belonging to the next parish, presented her urchin. What took place was exactly as follows,—'Say the name,' said I, with my finger in the water. 'Acts, sir, said she.' 'Acts,' said I, 'what do you mean?'—Thinks I to myself, I will *ax* the clerk to spell it. He did, A-C-T-S—so Acts was the babe, and will be while in this life, and will be doubly, trebly so registered, if ever it marries or dies. Afterwards, in the vestry, I asked the good woman what made her choose such a name.—'Why, sir, we've got vour on em already, and they be caal'd Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and so my husband thought he'd compliment the Apostles a bit.'

A CHALLENGE PROPERLY TREATED.—After the battle of Preston, Paris, a witty Scotch farmer amused himself by writing a humorous ballad upon it, which so stung one of the English officers who had behaved very basely on the occasion, that he sent the poet a challenge to meet him at H———, for mortal combat. The second found the farmer busy with his dungfork, to whom he delivered the challenge of the redoubtable hero. The good humored farmer, turning towards him, with his agricultural implement in his hand, coolly said—'Gang awa back to mester Smith, and tell him I hae nae time to come to H—— to give him satisfaction; but that if he likes to come here, I'll just do as he did—I'll run awa'.' It would be well if many a bullying cowardly challenger were treated in a similar manner.

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